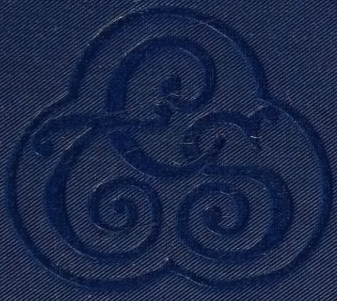
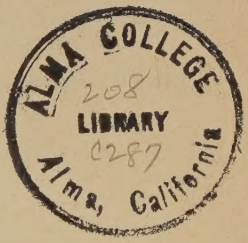


Publications

of the

Catholic Truth Society

Vol. LVIII.



LONDON
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.

1905

32019

CONTENTS.

The Christian Revolution. By W. S. Lilly.

Lacordaire. By the Very Rev. Vincent M'Nabb, O.P.

Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No. 30 :—

A Story of Newfoundland
A Hunter's Adventure.
The Story of a Conversion.
A Village Painter.
The Shepherd and his Flock.

The Rationalist Propaganda and how it must be met. By the Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.

Ven. Robert Southwell, S.J. By Gilberte Turner.

The Next Thing. By L. E. Dobrée.

Church History and Church Government. By the Rev. Harold Castle, C.SS.R.

THE CHRISTIAN REVOLUTION[1]

By WILLIAM SAMUEL LILLY
Honorary Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge

I

It is a significant fact that the Western World still regulates its chronology by "the Year of Our Lord," thereby offering testimony, not the less emphatic because largely unconscious, to the supreme importance of Christianity in the annals of mankind. The birth of Jesus Christ in an obscure hamlet of Judæa, twenty centuries ago, is the event to which, as a matter of fact, must be traced the greatest of revolutions. Doubtless it has long been the fashion to overrate the extent of that revolution, both geographically and spiritually. Christianity has been popularly said to have subdued the world; whereas it is only a small part of the human race that has received it in any form. It has been said to have revealed to men the knowledge of God, and to have "brought life and immortality to light[2]"; whereas it is indubitable that the existence of a Power external to man and Divine, the sacredness of duty, and the possibility or

[1] In 1886 the Author published a work in two volumes, called *Chapters in European History*, which has been long out of print. The following pages reproduce, with a few alterations, the first of those chapters. Considerable portions of it have been incorporated in the Author's recent book, *Christianity and Modern Civilization*, where the subject with which it deals is investigated at greater length; and he desires to thank Messrs. Chapman and Hall for sanctioning the present reprint.

[2] A mistranslation of the authorized Anglican Version; the rendering of the *Vulgate*, "illuminavit autem vitam et incorruptionem per Evangelium," is more accurate.

certainty of existence and retribution beyond the grave, were realized and proclaimed by many earlier systems of philosophy and religion. Still, admitting this, and much else which might be justly urged to the same effect, we may yet safely affirm that Christianity is a fact of supreme importance in the annals of humanity. Christianity, for more than a thousand years, has fashioned the thoughts, the beliefs, the aspirations, of the foremost races of mankind. It has done more than anything else to shape the current of European history, and of the history of the world. Thus much, no competent authority of any school will deny, whatever may be his own individual views or feelings about it. I propose to inquire how, as a matter of fact, Christianity has done this: to consider what the chief notes of the Christian Revolution are, and to endeavour to seize and exhibit its inner meaning as a movement of thought and a determining factor in the career of humanity.

II

It will, as I apprehend, be admitted by well-nigh all who read these words of mine that Jesus Christ, whatever may be our private speculations about Him and His work, is the greatest figure in the world's history: a Teacher quite unique among those who have placed human life and human aspirations upon a higher level. Hence it is that a well-marked class of minds, confined to no one school, have ever delighted to regard Him as the supreme expression of Divine Thought. Thus the author of the fourth Gospel: "The Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us." And so Spinoza: "The Eternal Wisdom has manifested itself in all things, but specially in the mind of man, and above all in Christ Jesus." Putting aside, then, for the moment, all theological theories about the Person and teachings of the Prophet of Nazareth, let us inquire what was His message to the world.

Now, whatever view we may take as to the date, authorship, or authority of the documents which make

up the New Testament, it is incontestable that two thousand years ago a Teacher lived among the green hills and clear streams of Galilee, and gathered around Him a little band of disciples, for the most part humble and unlettered men, who gained their bread by daily toil: that His life of poverty, humility, and detachment from family ties was spent in inculcating religious and ethical doctrine, and was crowned by an ignominious death; that His influence did not die with Him; nay, that it was vastly enhanced after His departure from the scene of His ministry, so that, according to His own word, His followers did greater works than Himself—works which are not bygone, but are with us, fruitfully operant unto this day. What, then, was His teaching?

There are three sources of evidence, differing in value according to their acknowledged nearness to the time of Christ's ministry. These are the Church, the Gospels, the Epistles. What is their relative worth? The Church, represented by Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Tertullian, Hippolytus, and in some degree by Origen and Clement of Alexandria, gives us the view of His doctrine which was accepted by the great body of His followers about the year 200. The Gospels, even if we take our stand with the most extreme criticism, show what was held between the years 150 and 100. But the letters of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Romans, and Corinthians, the First Epistle of St. Peter, the Epistle of St. James, and the Apocalypse—all authentic beyond reasonable doubt—enable us to get back within a short generation from Christ's death; certainly as far back as the year 60. The book called the Acts of the Apostles takes in up to the year 63; and Harnack is of opinion that it was certainly written before the Fall of Jerusalem in the year 70. Again, there can be no doubt that not only the logia, but the main incidents of the Divine Life, were, at the earliest date, embodied in fixed oral traditions, or catecheses, with which our present Gospels stand in the closest connection, so that we are not reduced to the study of such fragmentary documents as are left when criticism has done its worst upon the Gospels. We are still in possession

of St. Paul's unquestioned writings; we still have the Apocalypse, the First Epistle of St. Peter, and the Epistle of St. James. Out of these, and even out of the two Epistles last mentioned, it is easy to construct a doctrine which the Gospels only enlarge, and do not in any degree modify. St. Paul is not, indeed, a direct witness for Christ, and I have no wish to deny that he remained a Jewish Rabbi, even when commenting on the Sermon on the Mount; nevertheless, we can trace in him the Christian teaching, though dealt with in a subtle spirit, and from an axiomatic mysticism become a theology. Thus we may view the Gospel at a distance of twenty years, instead of a hundred or a hundred and fifty, from the events which it relates. This has been completely forgotten by modern critics. It follows, of course, that when we have gained such a near standpoint we can argue not only for the Gospel, but for the Gospels, since their incomparable freshness and fulness are strong evidence that what they incorporate is not a somewhat worn tradition, but the very speech of Christ upon the lips of His first disciples.

Now, the three sources of evidence at which we have just glanced agree as to the main lines of Christ's teaching. About its essential character there can be no question at all. Thus it is clear that the fatherhood of God —not the God merely of the Hebrews, but of all the families of the earth, unto whom all live—was the first and dominant thought that breathed through His discourses. This doctrine, I say, of the filial relationship of man to God, of the affinity of the better side of human nature with the Divine, was the fount from which His moral and religious teaching flowed. Injuries are to be forgiven. Why? Because, if you will not forgive men, neither will your Father forgive you your sins. Enemies are to be loved; those who curse are to be blessed; those who hate to be benefited; those who persecute to be prayed for. Why? That ye may be the children of your Father who is in heaven; for He maketh His sun to shine on the good and on the bad, and raineth on the just and on the unjust. Perfection is to be aimed at. Why? Because your Father,

who is in heaven, is perfect. Solicitude about the necessities of life is condemned. Why? Because your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things. He feedeth the fowls of the air: are ye not much better than they? He arrayeth the lilies of the field, as Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed: shall He not much more clothe you? Continuance in prayer is enjoined. Why? Because if you being evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father, who is in heaven, give good things to them that ask Him? Purity of intention is prescribed. Why? Because your Father seeth in secret. This is the first great note of the teaching of Jesus Christ. The ethical principles delivered by Him contain little or nothing that was novel in the world, or to which the unassisted reason of mankind might not attain. It has been said, and I believe truly, that there is not one of them which might not be paralleled from the maxims of the earlier Rabbis. But what is new in the Evangelical teaching is the sanction on which it rests those precepts, the supernatural motive which it imparts for right action. I do not, of course, mean that the conception of the Fatherhood of God was new. What I mean is that it was presented by Jesus Christ in, if I may so speak, a new light, and from a mere abstract doctrine was changed into a living and life-giving principle of conduct.

Such, then, was the first great note of the teaching of Christ: the exhibition of the Divine Paternity as a vital reality and the first of realities. The second, no less clear and unmistakeable, is His proclamation of Himself as a Teacher come from God in a very special and unique sense: as the way to God, by virtue of a Divine Sonship and the indwelling in Himself of the Divinity: as the Deliverer of men from the tyranny of that lower self, whereby they were held back from the Supreme Good: as the Healer of human nature lying wounded and half dead, and unable to take one step forward towards its true country, which is God. The claims which He made for Himself not only transcend in degree those of any other prophet, of any other founder of a religion, but are different in kind. And

unquestionably those claims were both the grounds of His condemnation and execution and the cause of the marvellous triumphs of His faith. Here we are in the region, not of conjecture, but of fact. What was it which, so to speak, *made* the Christian Church? It was assuredly no system or theory, most assuredly no exhibition of thaumaturgic power, which attracted men to Jesus Christ, but the irresistible influence of soul upon soul. And to those who forsook all, and took up their cross and followed Him—such renunciation, such self-devotion, He warned them, were the very conditions of His discipleship—He exhibited no set of doctrines, no code of laws, but Himself, as being, in very deed, that truth which is the supreme desire of the soul. Daily to converse with the Master, ever to ponder His words and His deeds, gradually to drink into His mind, to wean the heart from all earthly affection, even the tenderest and the purest, until it could be said: "I live, and yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me,"—this was the spiritual discipline undergone by His scholars in the desert, or on the mountain, or by the lake. And when the Cross had taught the supreme lesson of sacrifice, of humiliation, of self-consuming charity, and the disciples went everywhere preaching the Word, the lesson which they taught was precisely that which they had learnt. "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord," is the testimony of one of them: and it is applicable to all. The Gospel which, as St. Paul reminds the Corinthians, he delivered to them, which they also received, and wherein they stood, and by which they were saved, was no catalogue of dogmas, but the manifestation of a Person in whom the eternally ideal had become the historically real, and who claimed for Himself the heart of man, to reign there as in His proper throne.

And every record of the Apostolic age bears witness that this was the message which was everywhere proclaimed. Do not let us shut our eyes to a plain fact of history. It was no doctrine of sweetness and light, no enthusiasm of humanity, but the Person of Jesus Christ, at once human and divine, which, as they gazed upon it, uplifted on the cross, smote down in masterful

contrition the orthodox Pharisee and the Sadducean materialist of decadent Judæa, the agnostic philosopher of captive Greece, the stately magistrate and the rude soldier of Imperial Rome. He it was, His head crowned with thorns, His eyes full of tears, His visage marred more than any man's, His limbs dislocated and rent, in whom tender virgins discerned the fairest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely, and would have no other spouse for time or for eternity. Women whose whole lives were a pollution did but look on Him, in His ineffable sorrow, and the passion of desire was expelled by the stronger passion of compunction. Old men and little children, by the vision of Him, were inspired with a love stronger than death. The aged bishop, journeying to the place where the lions awaited him, "still alive, but longing to die," writes to his flock, "Now do I begin to be Christ's disciple." The sweet Syracusan maiden looks calmly upon her bleeding bosom, mutilated by the persecutor's knife, as she reflects: "I shall not be less beautiful in the eyes of my heavenly bridegroom." Sanctus the Deacon, his limbs covered with plates of burning brass, so that his body was one entire wound and deprived of the form of man, would but say to all the questions of his tormentors, "I am a Christian!"; and as those who stood by testified, remained upright and unshrinking, "bathed and strengthened in the heavenly well of living water which flowed from the Heart of Christ." They endured—that noble army of martyrs—in the strength of Him whom, not having seen, they loved. The one feeling which dominated them and their brethren who gazed with envy upon their passion, and who reared their humble shrines, was that they were not their own, but were bought with a price: that their life—their true life—was hidden with Christ in God.

I know of no more conspicuous instance of overmastering, blinding prejudice, than that which is afforded by those who can read the early history of the Christian Church, the Acts of the Martyrs, the Peristephanon of Prudentius—that sublime monument of primitive faith and worship—and not discern this most patent fact. The Person of Christ, in whom as they

believed, dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, was all-in-all to these early disciples of Him, and was the direct source whence they derived their rule of life, in its highest and lowest details. It was as though men had acquired a new spiritual sense. Why did they cease from sin? Because Christ bore our sins in His own body on the tree, that we being dead from sin should live unto righteousness. Why did they practise self-denial? Because Christ also pleased not Himself. Why did they exhibit patience when for conscience sake towards God they endured grief, suffering wrongfully? Because Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example. Why did they abstain from fleshly lusts? Because their members were the members of Christ. Why did they count as joy torments most hateful to flesh and blood? Because they thereby became partakers of Christ's sufferings. The whole matter is summed up in the precept of the Epistle to the Philippians: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ." Christianity changed men's lives by changing their ideal of life. To put before men the ideal, the supernatural ideal of the Lord from heaven, and to incite them to copy it—that is the whole secret of the Christian Revolution. Whether or no we are to believe the legend which represents the dying Emperor to have said, "Galilean—Thou hast conquered," the words express the literal and exact truth. The victory of Christianity was the personal victory of its Founder. It was no body of doctrine, no code of ethics, but the Prophet of Nazareth Himself, whom men slew and hanged upon a tree, that triumphed over the majesty of the Cæsars, and founded upon the ruins of the ancient Roman polity a mightier and more enduring Empire.

This, then, was the great idea which underlay the Christian Revolution: the idea of God, the Universal Father, revealed "in the face of Jesus Christ." This was the seed which, to use the Evangelical similitude, the great Sower cast into the religious consciousness of mankind, and which in due season was to spring up into such a mighty harvest. As the oak is potentially in the acorn, so in this one idea is the whole doctrine and discipline of the Christian Church, which is but "the

expanded Gospel." "He must reign," the Apostle says, "until He hath put all enemies under His feet." But that regimen implies a code of laws and a polity. Accordingly, the work of the Church in the first four centuries was the organization, upon definite bases, of the Christian society. To systematize her teaching about God was the primary task to which she addressed herself. The essence of her doctrine is summed up in the Pauline proposition that Christ was "predestinated the Son of God in power, according to the Spirit of Sanctification by the resurrection from the dead." Hence she formulates the most philosophical of her dogmas; and in the word Trinity, first used by Theophilus towards the end of the second century, sums up this, the greatest of the mysteries of her creed. It was in the same century that Tertullian insisted upon the consubstantiality of the Son with the Almighty Father. In the next Origen maintained His eternal generation. Early in the fourth century Athanasius arises to contend for "the proportion of faith," and the Council of Nice embodies it in the well-known symbol, enlarged some fifty years afterwards at Constantinople by more precise statements about the Holy Ghost: and so cast into the form which it has since maintained.

Thus, after a succession of triumphs over the fantasies and phantoms of Jewish and Pagan speculation, did the Church build herself up in her own field of thought, as the Christian mind worked from dogma to dogma, while at the same time she was slowly but surely winning her victory over the Imperial power which rightly recognized in her an irreconcilable foe. The very fundamental principle upon which the Empire rested was that no organization distinct from its own could exist side by side with it. The Church, upon the other hand, claimed to be a kingdom, spiritual it is true, but visible, with a right to rule, direct, condemn or absolve her subjects, in complete independence of other authority. Internal, organic unity was one of her main notes, marking her off from the other two great religions of Buddhism and Islām, which, like her, claim universality. It was the most striking difference between her and the cults and philosophies which

surrounded her in the Roman Empire : the difference, I mean, which would most forcibly strike the Imperial authorities, and which, as a matter of fact, was the very gist of their accusations of her. True was the instinct which prompted the unbelieving Jews of Thessalonica to raise against St. Paul and St. Silas the cry of contravening the decrees of Cæsar by saying, "There is another King, Jesus." It was a charge of *læsa majestas* (of high treason) : the charge, that of all others, would appeal strongly to the rulers of the Roman State, and most strongly to the best among them : to men like Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, and Hadrian, who believed the cause of civilization to be bound up with the Empire, which, as the Greek rhetorician said with the picturesque exaggeration of his profession, had made of the world one city : for which the great geographer of antiquity claimed that "it had taught humanity to man." Well might those politic princes, as they surveyed from their high place their ecumenical domain, and considered the splendour of the literary and philosophical achievements, the sagacity of the jurisprudence, the magnificence of the organization, guarded by "the immense majesty of the Roman peace"—well might they be led to safeguard all this greatness by every means in their power : well might they resolve to put down by the severest penalties a revolutionary sect that counted it all as dross in comparison of a visionary life to come, preached by One who was dead, but whom His fanatical followers affirmed to be alive, and shortly to return to judge the world by fire. If ever Kulturkampf was set on foot with a specious air of justification it was this : and we know how vigorously it was carried on for well-nigh three centuries—with wide intervals of peace, indeed—from Nero's persecution in A.D. 64, to the promulgation of the Edict of Toleration in A.D. 313. It failed. The victory remained with the spiritual order. Paganism may be said to have been conquered with its own weapon. It recognized no law but the right of the strongest : and love is stronger than death. Of what avail to slay men who counted not their lives dear in the service of their invisible King—nay, who judged

that, by losing their lives for Him, they, in the truest sense, found them? Such power had the religion of Jesus Christ, when, to use the bold phrase of St. Jerome, "the blood of our Lord was yet warm, and faith in Him was still glowing among believers."

The Council of Nicæa, in A.D. 325, is the outward symbol of the victory of Christianity. The prolonged endeavour of the Empire to suppress it had failed. The sagacious mind of Constantine conceived the design of using it as the bond to hold the Empire together. He himself attributes his resolve to convoke the assembly to "a kind of Divine inspiration." Unquestionably its meeting was a most momentous event, as well as a deeply significant sign of the times. In response to the Imperial letter, three hundred and sixteen bishops repaired to that little town of Asia Minor, from every quarter of the Roman Empire: ἡ οἰκουμένη, the inhabited world, as it was wont to be called, in ignorant disdain of the vast regions lying beyond its borders. The geographical limits of the Empire and the Church were indeed practically the same. Only two prelates who owed no allegiance to Cæsar attended the synod —John, a Persian bishop, and Theophilus, a Scythian. It does not fall within my plan to dwell upon the proceedings of this august assembly, the special function of which was to put before the world the clear image of Christ and His kingdom. I merely point to it as the outward visible sign of the progress made by the Christian Revolution in three centuries. The words of the Thessalonican Jews had been strangely verified by the course of events. The faith preached by St. Paul and St. Silas had indeed turned the world upside down. Cæsar had acknowledged the supremacy of that "other King, Jesus," whom they had proclaimed.

III

And now let us go on to consider that Revolution a little more closely and inquire what was its effect upon individual men and upon the civil society which is man's normal state. We shall see this best and most clearly by surveying one man, in whose writings we

have not only the most complete self-revelation which human literature offers, and the most vivid image of the society in which he lived, but also the adumbration, as in high dream and solemn vision, of the age which was to come, and which he, more than any one else, was to mould and shape. I speak of St. Augustine, "the most astonishing man produced by the Latin Church," as Villemain well terms him, who sums up in himself the results of three centuries of moral and spiritual transition, and who cast Christian thought into the form in which it was to rule the Western world for a thousand years : whose mind was as some vast lake into which flowed the many streams of philosophic speculation proceeding from the antique world, and whence issued the two great rivers of mediæval theology, the dogmatic and the mystical, which were to make glad the city of God.

The life of St. Augustine extends from A.D. 354 to A.D. 430. Its external incidents are so generally known that it will not be necessary here to do more than most briefly sketch them. The son of a burgess of Tagaste, in Numidia, of narrow fortune, and educated by the self-denying devotion of his parents, first at Madaura, and then at Carthage, he adopted, on arriving at man's estate, the profession of rhetoric in his native town. His father, Patricius, lived a Pagan, but received baptism at the point of death, being won to Christianity by that prudence, patience, and piety of St. Monica, of which her great son has left so beautiful and touching a picture. Augustine was naturally of restless intellect and of strong desires. Vehement alike in his worldly pursuits and his animal impulses, in his secular amities and in his spiritual aspirations, his life for the first thirty-three years was spent without fixed principles in religion or philosophy—in coquettings now with one system and now with another. He does not seem to have been what the common standard of his day—or indeed of ours—would judge a libertine. There is no reason for supposing him to have been unfaithful to his mistress,[1] whom he took at the age of

[1] *Concubina.* I need hardly remark that in St. Augustine's time concubinage was almost recognized in Roman law as a lower form of marriage. The jurists called it "*licita consuetudo.*"

eighteen, and who lived with him for thirteen years, bearing him one son, his dearly loved and early lost, Adeodatus. In A.D. 376 the death of a dearly loved friend induced him to leave Tagaste. The place, he says, in his vehement way, became intolerable to him: his heart "was utterly darkened, and whatever he looked upon was death." He removed to Carthage, and there practised his profession of a "seller of words" (as he calls it) until A.D. 383; then he went to Rome, whence two years afterwards he repaired to Milan as public lecturer in rhetoric. There, four years later, he was baptized by St. Ambrose, selling all his goods and giving the proceeds to the poor. In A.D. 388 he left Italy for Hippo Regius, a seaport of Numidia, and founded a religious community. The next year Valerius, the bishop, ordained him priest, the insistence of the people overcoming his unwillingness. In A.D. 395 the same popular pressure forced him to become the coadjutor of Valerius, whom he succeeded in the see a few months afterwards. The remaining thirty-five years of his life were passed in the administration of his episcopal office, in polemical discussions against Manicheans, Pelagians, Donatists; in expounding, developing, and consolidating the philosophy and the theology of the Catholic Church. He died in A.D. 430, in the third month of the siege of his city by the Vandals, to the last doing with all his might the duties laid upon him, and never wavering in his perfect confidence in the Divine government of the world, while all around him men's hearts were failing them from fear, and for looking after those things which were coming upon the earth. "Thou art just, O Lord, and Thy judgement is right," was, as his biographer tells us, his habitual thought in those dark, closing days of his earthly career. Supreme argument of religious faith in all ages and in all creeds: sole anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, amid "storms of sad confusion," which might well seem to portend the foundering of a world.

In its outward circumstances the career of St. Augustine might be closely paralleled from the lives of many other ecclesiastics of his times. What renders him of peculiar importance to us, and especially for

my present purpose, is that he has laid bare for us his inner life. There is not one of his writings which does not do for us in its measure, and as it were by the way and unpremeditatedly, what is done more fully, and of set purpose, in the *Confessions*—that wonderful history of a soul written as if in "starlight and immortal tears," which is perhaps one of the greatest treatises of mystical philosophy; great not only in the high intellectual power which breathes through it, but in its purity, its sanity, its self-repression. Here he shows how it was that the faith of Christ subdued him and brought him into that captivity which is true liberty, and what the change was which it wrought in him. Let us listen to the tale unfolded in it.

But first we will glance at the conditions of the age. It would be as unphilosophical to leave them out as it would be to consider nothing else but them. It was the age, then, when the great fabric of Imperial power which had been raised upon the ruins of Roman liberty was hastening to its fall. Seventeen years before St. Augustine was born, the first division of the Empire took place between the sons of Constantine. The year before his birth witnessed the soldering together of the fragments under Constantius: ten years afterwards there is a new partition, and Valens and Valentinian fix their capitals, the one at Constantinople, the other at Milan. In A.D. 392 Theodosius again brings East and West into one polity. But in A.D. 395 his reign of sixteen years comes to an end, and with it the united Empire. This is the great event which marks the close of the fourth century.

A great event indeed: the token of swiftly-advancing political dissolution. But it was an age of intellectual and moral dissolution, too. The old popular creeds of the countries which had passed under the civilizing yoke of conquering Rome had long been discredited for higher minds. Their spiritual guides were the philosophers, and the air resounded with the din of systems, in which every variety of opinion known to our own times seems to have been more or less closely anticipated. Augustine,[1] quoting Varro, tells us of no

[1] *De Civitate*, I., xix., c. 1.

less than two hundred and eighty-eight doctrines which prevailed as to the primary question of the true end of human action. But in one respect all the teachers of decadent Paganism were alike. They were all lacking in any "consciousness of the sanctity of God, and of the need of sanctification in man."[1] This must be said even of the noblest of them, such as the Stoics, and the Neo-Platonists too. The evil in the world they recognized clearly enough, and as time went on with ever increasing clearness. But between physical and moral evil they drew only the slightest distinction. Fatalism is at the bottom of all their metaphysical ideas, and is the last word of their arguments. I by no means underrate the loftiness of thought, the purity of motive, and integrity of life which distinguished many of these seekers after truth, of whom Marcus Aurelius is the noblest type. But the philosophy to which, with whatever measure of success, they turned as the guide of conduct, was the prerogative of a few favoured souls. The multitude were left to a gross naturalism at once voluptuous and cruel, and to the outworn cults, which, if they outraged the reason, at all events ministered to the passions, and found their sanction in the lower self—the self of the ape and tiger—when they pressed bloodshed and impurity into the service of religion. Throughout the Roman Coliseum, the temple of the Sun, there ran "the transports of a fierce and monstrous gladness," as eighty thousand spectators looked upon hecatombs of human victims in their dying agonies. The theatre, reared under the invocation of Venus, was devoted to obscenities as revolting as those wherewith the worship of "Reason" was celebrated in the churches of Paris by the founders of the French Republic. However highly we may rate the philanthropy, the universal sympathy, the great jurisprudential ideas which we find in the literature of the decadent Empire, it is impossible to doubt that the popular mind was informed by no conception of the dignity and value of human personality: as indeed how should it have been in a society based upon slavery? This is the capital fact which marks off that antique

[1] Döllinger's *Heidenthum und Judenthum*, p. 633.

civilization from our own. In it not only was the place filled among us by what we call "the masses," held by slaves, not inferior in race to their owners, but the physicians, the artists, the singers, the pedagogues were to a large extent persons of servile condition: the mere goods and chattels of their masters, helpless victims of cruelty or avarice or lust.

Such was the age into which Augustine was born. And early in life his keen, restless intellect asked the old question: What is the end of life? It was a book of Cicero's, now lost, a treatise containing an exhortation to philosophy, and called *Hortensius*, which inflamed him with the love of wisdom, which made all things seem vile to him in comparison of Truth, and kindled in his soul the desire to attain to it. He sought it on all sides: among the Manichees, whose claim that their doctrine was the religion of science, was proved vain by his happy scepticism; among the philosophies of Paganism, but none contented him, great and precious as were the verities which they enshrined. In Plato especially, as presented to him in the writings of the Neo-Platonists, he found lofty theistic conceptions and noble thoughts as to man's true end in the vision of the Absolute and Eternal, and in union with It. This was the last word of Hellenic philosophy, and in some respects the best; and Augustine, writing in after years, records his great obligations to it. He learned from Plotinus—whom he calls "that great Platonist"—that the rational soul has above it no nature save that of God, the Creator of the world, and its Creator and Illuminator, in participation of whose Divine light is our beatitude. But this God was a mere soul of Nature, and the Neo-Platonic doctrine as to the way of union with the Divine was "as vague as all unsweet." Ascending, as he says in a memorable chapter of his *Confessions*, from corporeal forms to the sentient soul, and thence to its inner faculty, to which the bodily senses make their reports, and thence again to the reasoning power which passes judgement upon the things thus signified to it, and from thence to the intellectual brightness by which the mind is illuminated to discern truly, he attained to That Which Is—

"As when the light of sense
Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
The invisible world."

The Unchanging, the Self-existing, the Absolute and the Eternal stood revealed to him. But how to get to It, how to attain union with It, he found not. "I was drawn irresistibly up to Thee by Thy beauty, and presently I was dragged down, down, by the weight of my burden; and this burden was fleshly habit": "*et pondus hoc consuetudo carnalis.*"

What, then, was the "*consuetudo carnalis*," the fleshly habit, which thus weighed to the earth this soul of fire, striving to ascend to its true home, even to Him who is "*igneus fons animarum?*"[1] It was that love of the world and of the things of the world which, according to the Apostolic doctrine, is incompatible with the love of the Father: the fascination exercised upon him by the visible, sensible frame of things, appealing to the concupiscence of the flesh and the concupiscence of the eye, and the pride of life. "I longed for honours, for riches, for wedlock," he says. And this longing held him back. And then he turned to St. Paul's Epistles, and there he read what the books of the Neo-Platonists told him not: of the law of sin reigning in his members and warring against the law of his mind and leading him captive, and "of the grace of God by Jesus Christ," powerful to deliver him from the body of this death. And these things sank marvellously into his inmost being, and he considered the Divine works and was afraid. For him it was a question of entire self-surrender or of none; of the religion of Jesus Christ in its highest form of the life of detachment and asceticism, or not at all. The easier state (*mollior locus*) conceded to those who could not receive the hard saying counselling perfection was not for him. "I had found the pearl of great price," he says, "and what I had to do was to sell all that I had and buy it; and I hesitated."

What, then, decided him? The example of others.

[1] I need hardly refer to the opening line of the Burial Hymn of Prudentius:—

"*Deus igneus fons animarum.*"

One Pontitianus, a Christian, holding a high place in the Imperial court, came to see him on some trivial business, as he was sitting with his friend Alypius reading St. Paul's Epistles; and finding him deeply interested in matters pertaining to the Christian faith, discoursed with him of such topics, and among other things spoke of the holy and ascetic lives of St. Anthony and the solitaries of the Thebaid, and of two young men, friends of Pontitianus himself, who, while in attendance upon the Emperor at Treves, had been smitten with the charm of the religious life, and in order to embrace it had abandoned their secular career and their affianced wives. This story inflamed Augustine, and made him seem utterly vile in his own eyes. But fetters, once deemed silken, now strong as iron, held him fast. "Those ancient mistresses of mine," he says, "trifles of trifles, and vanities of vanities as they were, kept me back, and plucked me by the garment of the flesh, and murmured in my ear, Are you in very truth going to send us away? And from this moment will you not see us again—for ever? And will you never, never again do this and that? And what a 'this and that' was it which they suggested to me, O my God! What vileness, what disgrace!" The interior conflict moved him to tears, and he went apart to be alone. Then as he kept saying to himself, "How long, how long? To-morrow and to-morrow, and why not now?" the famous words fell upon his ears, "*Tolle et lege; tolle et lege*": "Take it up and read it; take it up and read it." And remembering what he had just heard about St. Anthony—how the Saint from lighting by chance, as it seemed, upon the verse of the Gospel, "Go, sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come, follow Me," had been led to embrace the eremite life—he went back to the place where he had left the book of St. Paul's Epistles beside his friend Alypius. "I took it up," he tells us, "I opened it and perused in silence the words upon which my eyes first fell: 'Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, not in contention and envying: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh in its

concupiscences.' I had no wish to read more; nor was there need. No sooner had I finished the sentence than light and peace seemed to be infused into my heart, and doubt and darkness fled away."

"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ"! Here was the ideal which he had at last found. Henceforth his rule of action was not his former perverse will, but "the good and acceptable and perfect Will," to which he sought to be conformed by the renewing of his mind: "*nolle quod volebam et velle quod volebas.*" The objects of concupiscence which had so fascinated him, the love of wealth, of honour, of woman, now seemed to him vain and unsubstantial as phantoms of the night. He was as a blind man whose eyes had been opened. In his own phrase, the sweetness of eternal things had expelled the desire of temporal. What he had most feared to lose it was now a joy to him to put away. He had attained freedom from "the biting cares" of worldly pursuits: the freedom of which the condition is entire detachment—"*renonciation douce et totale*," in the words of the writer who, of all others in modern times, seems to have drunk most deeply into His spirit:

"Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might:
Smote the chord of self, that trembling passed in music out of sight."

I know of nothing in literature that breathes a deeper spirit of solemn jubilation than the pages of the *Confessions* in which Augustine recounts these things, pages which are like Beethoven's "Funeral March of a Hero" done into words. They are, indeed, the burial psalm of his old self and the prelude to his new life. Then another theme is introduced, and in chapters in which deep human tenderness, and ecstatic aspiration, and sorrow, but not as of those who have no hope, contend for the mastery, he tells us of his mother Monica, and of the closing scenes of her earthly pilgrimage. After that he goes on to speak of himself as he had become since he had bowed his head to the yoke and laid upon himself the burden of Christ, and had taken up His cross and followed Him. Many, he says, whether they them-

selves knew me in former days or knew me not, or have heard from me or of me, would fain know what manner of man I am now : what my inner self is. To such will I unfold myself, as far as I may : for what man knows himself wholly—knows as he is known to Him who made him? One thing, indeed, he knows and is assured of : that the Divine Word, quick and piercing, and sharper than any two-edged sword, has wounded his heart and has inflamed it with the love of God. But what is it that he loves when he loves God? and where does he find God? The whole universe of order and beauty proclaims the Supreme Intelligence that created it—reveals Him while it veils him : confesses, "I am not He, but He made me." Nothing material can be He. The mind must be more excellent than the matter which it vivifies. But God is the life of our life. And so Augustine turns to his own mind, and considers its faculties and powers, and in pages of marvellous subtlety and sweetness explores "the plains and spacious halls of memory." Surely God dwells there, but how? Not among the images of corporeal things, not among the affections of the mind, not in that very seat of the mind itself which is fixed in the memory. "But why speak of place," he asks, "as though in very truth place existed there? In my memory dost Thou certainly dwell, for I remember Thee since I learnt Thee, and there do I find Thee when I remember Thee." And then he bursts forth : "Too late have I loved Thee, O Beauty, so old and so new : too late have I loved Thee. And behold Thou wast within and I without, and there did I seek Thee, rushing greedily in my deformity after those fair forms which Thou hast made. Thou wast with me when I was far from Thee. And those things which exist but because Thou art in them, they held me back from Thee. Thou calledst me, Thou criedst after me, Thou overcamest my deafness : Thou sentest forth thy lightnings, Thou shinedst in Thy splendour, and didst put to flight my blindness. Thy sweet fragrance encompassed me, and I drew in my breath and panted after Thee. I have tasted of Thee, and I hunger and thirst still. Thou didst lay Thy hand upon me and I burned for Thy peace." Thus much, as

to his inner self, the Saint is sure of. Sure, too, is he of the daily conflict which is waged in him between the higher law and the other law that is in his members. What is the life of man but a warfare upon earth? Every one of his senses is a possible avenue for sin. Every action is a possible occasion of falling. "Many and great," he confesses, "are the sicknesses of my soul; but Thy medicine is more than sufficient to heal them. Well might we have thought Thy Word far removed from union with men, but that He was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." Here is his hope of instruction for his ignorance, of healing for his infirmity. But for this he should despair. And thence his rule of life, according to the Apostolic dictum: "Christ died for all, that they also who live may not now live to themselves, but to Him who died for them." This is that aboriginal law of self-sacrifice which links the Supreme to His creatures, a law of which the practical outcome is duty, founded upon the constraining influence of Divine charity.

Here, then, is a type of the work wrought in the individual by the Christian Revolution, the story of countless millions "writ large." The highest ideal of ancient Paganism was to live out one's impulses without restraint: to warm "both hands before the fire of life," in the words of a modern writer who drank deeply into its spirit: but with prudence—which Landor, indeed, cannot be said to have exhibited—so as not to burn one's fingers. Or—to change the metaphor, and to use the words of Cicero, and, as I think, of Socrates too—so to go through human existence that when the inevitable hour of departure arrives we may quit it like a guest satisfied with the banquet of which he has partaken. I suppose we are warranted in saying that Aristotle's "Magnanimous Man" is the loftiest conception of humanity known to the ancient philosophy, and I am far from denying the greatness of the magnanimous or high-minded character as he has depicted it in a well-known chapter of the *Nicomachean Ethics*. High-mindedness, he says, is the crown of all virtue, and the high-minded man occupies himself with honour, and lays claim to it, and takes pleasure in it, but not

excessive pleasure, for he has obtained only what he merits, and perhaps less than he merits ; he loves to confer a favour, but feels shame at the reception of one, for that implies in him a certain inferiority : he is generally esteemed arrogant, and no wonder, for he justly despises his neighbours : he is open in his enemies and his loves, and bears himself to ordinary men with moderation, for haughtiness towards the lowly is a sign of bad breeding. Now turn to the Christian ideal, as you find it in the Sermon on the Mount, with its glorification of poverty, mourning, meekness, hunger and thirst after righteousness, mercy, peaceableness, and purity—that distinctively Christian virtue which has been accounted by some "a new disease brought into the world by Christ." As I have said, Christianity changed the lives of men by changing their ideal of life. The magnitude of the revolution which it wrought upon the individual may be judged of by comparing the Stagirite's high-minded man with the holy and humble man of heart of the Beatitudes. The one deifies and worships human nature and its passions : the other crucifies the flesh with the affections and lusts. Enlightened selfishness is the highest word of Aristotle. "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself" : "He that findeth his life shall lose it" —such is the very substance of the doctrine of Christ.

And it was precisely the idea of self-renunciation that appealed to and overcame Augustine. But this self-renunciation was not irrational. Although not the result of calculation, it justified itself by an appeal to the infinitely greater value of one soul over the whole universe of matter. It founded itself upon the vanity and nothingness of what was given up. It was the lower self that was abolished, mortified, done to death ; or, in St. Paul's phrase, kept under and brought into subjection. The life which was lost was that phantasmal life of the senses which St. Augustine has described in a memorable passage of his work *On True Religion*. One of the leading thoughts in his writings is the impermanence, the illusoriness of the visible frame of things. He has summed it up in two pregnant words, *internum aeternum*. The parallel between his

doctrine and Gautama's in this respect is singularly close. The main difference is that the place which in the Buddhist system is held by Nirvāna, is filled in his by what he calls Idipsum, the Self Same, or, as we may perhaps say, the Thing in Itself ; the only true reality, for he does not allow that the phenomenal universe is, in the highest sense, real. The reality beneath it, without which it would crumble into nothingness, is the will of Him who alone can say, "*Ego Sum Qui Sum*" : I am the Self Existent. He alone is the One Who Is, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto ; and Jesus Christ is the Mediator by whom man is strengthened for the knowledge and fruition of Him—"the image of the Invisible God" : the realization of the last wish of the religious instinct : the Eternal made flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone and blood of our blood : proving all sorrows in His sacred humanity : one with us in the great sacrament of suffering, and able to call us in the truest sense His brethren. Christ is a visible, personal, living law, realizing the conception of Pagan antiquity : virtue incarnate, and drawing all hearts by its beauty. But the life of Christ was a long battle against the world. He is the supreme example of detachment from its pleasant things—the objects of concupiscence.[1] It is the God uplifted on the Cross in an unfathomable mystery of love and sorrow who raises morality to the height of sanctity : a conception unknown to the ancient world, which never went beyond the *honestum*. St. Augustine dwells upon this in a striking passage of his treatise *On True Religion*. "The nations," he writes, "were thirsting, to their own destruction, after riches as the ministers of pleasure : He willed to be poor. They longed for honour and power : He refused to be a king. They esteemed children after the flesh a great good : He despised such wedlock and such offspring.

[1] It may not be superfluous to point out that I use the word in its technical sense : that habitual inclination to desire finite things inordinately, which, according to the Council of Trent, is not strictly sin, but "*ex peccato est et ad peccatum inclinat*" (Sess. V. c. 5) and that for two reasons—first, because it turns man away from his true final end, which is God : and, secondly, because it cannot be gratified save at the expense of others.

In the plenitude of their pride they abhorred insults: He suffered them in every form. They deemed injuries intolerable: what greater injury could there be than the condemnation of the Just, the Innocent? They loathed corporal suffering: He was scourged and tormented. They feared to die: He suffered death. They thought the cross the most shameful kind of death: He was crucified. Everything for which we live amiss, He did without and stamped as worthless. Everything to avoid which we have shrunk from the truth, He endured and made easy to us. For it is impossible to commit any sin, save by seeking after the things which He despised, or by flying from the things which He endured. And so His whole life on earth, in the human nature which he deigned to assume, was a system of moral discipline."

IV

So much as to the effect of the Christian Revolution upon the individual. I am, of course, far from saying that it wrought in this supreme degree upon the mass. It had its perfect work in comparatively few. Those few best exhibit its working. What it was to them it was in some degree—in a degree almost infinitely varying—to all who received the faith of Christ, even though their lives were led upon the lower levels of humanity. To all it proposed Him as the one Type—"your life," in the emphatic words of the sacred writer—the perfect ideal. And the furthest removed from that type, the least like that ideal, knew well that the all-important fact about himself was his citizenship of a spiritual kingdom, the first law of which was conformity to the mind of Christ. There can be no question at all that Christianity presented itself to the decadent and moribund civilization of the Roman Empire as an ascetic doctrine[1]; a doctrine of abstinence, not only

[1] Cette abnegation de soi-même et de tout ce qu'il y a de terrestre de sensible ou d'humain en nous et hors de nous, est le caractère propre et éminent de la philosophie chrétienne à laquelle, sous ce rapport, nulle autre ne peut etre comparée et qui surpasse tout ce que la philosophie des anciens a de plus élevé."—Maine de Biran, *Pensées*, p. 282.

from the things which it branded as positively sinful, but from things in themselves licit. The world, which St. John exhorts his disciples not to love, because the love of it is incompatible with the love of the Father, which he describes as lying in the wicked one, which, over and over again in the New Testament the disciples of Christ are bidden to forsake and overcome, and which—such is the vitality of phrases—stands, even in our own day, for the complete antithesis of the Church, is the present visible frame of things, doomed, as those early preachers believed, soon to pass away with the lust thereof : the flesh in which St. Paul declared no good thing to dwell, which it was his daily endeavour to keep under and bring into subjection, is the whole of man's lower or animal nature. Whatever is doubtful, this is clear. And to those who do not admit it we may say, without discourtesy, that, whether through ignorance or prejudice, they are so hopelessly in the dark in this matter, as to render any argument with them regarding it mere waste of time.

The principle, then, which transformed the individual by the renewing of his mind, was the principle of self-sacrifice. And this was the principle which transformed society. Christianity was primarily a message to the individual soul. It was a calling addressed to each, without distinction of race or rank, or sex or secular condition. But it was a calling into a polity. The disciples of Christ were called out of the world and into the Church, which was truly a society, with its own King, its own laws, its own magistrates. Most interesting would it be to trace the growth of this society : to note its marvellous hierarchical development, as it overlaps the secular state, and the ecclesiastical organization grows up on the lines of the civil ; the Diocese, the unit, then the Province (the ecclesiastical use inverted the civil dignity of the two terms), and lastly, the Patriarchate, corresponding more or less closely with the Prefecture : while the ruler of the Roman Church imperceptibly takes the place of the Pontifex Maximus, who, as Festus says, was "the Priest of the world rather than of the City." But I must not linger upon this topic. I now go on to describe how this spiritual empire affected

civil society ; to point out the main lines of the Revolution which it wrought in the public order.

And here, too, I shall follow St. Augustine. As in his *Confessions* he has revealed to us the operation of the Christian Revolution upon the individual, so in another famous book he has depicted its operation upon society. Civilization was already becoming ecclesiastical. His keenly attuned ear caught the sound of "the spirit of the years to come, yearning to mix himself with life." And "rapt into future times" he wrote his *City of God*.

It has been well observed by Ozanam that no event of supreme importance to the world has ever occurred without producing an imperishable poem, although it may be a different sort of poem from what we should have expected. Thus, the battle of Actium, which marks the rise of the Empire, inspired Virgil, he thinks, to write the Æneid ; while the entry of Alaric into Rome in A.D. 410—the signal of its fall—was unquestionably the cause of the magnificent prose poem of Augustine. A great and exceeding bitter cry went up that this supreme catastrophe was the work of the new religion ; and Augustine undertook to "justify the ways of God to men." His *City of God* is the first systematic attempt to exhibit in their close relations and interdependence, philosophy, history and theology.

Two commonwealths (*civitates*), he declares, exist among men : the City of the Earth, built by the love of self, carried to the degree of contempt of God : the Heavenly City, reared by the love of God, carried to the degree of contempt of self. Of the one he sees the type and founder in Cain, of the other in Seth ; but for the origin of both he goes back to the separation of "the angels who kept not their first estate," from their compeers loyal to the Divine Majesty. He traces the history of the two cities throughout the ages, using with great skill the comparatively slender materials available to him : for, of course, the philosophies and theologies and annals of the East were no more known to him than were the revelations whereby physical science in these latter days has so vastly enlarged and so largely transformed our conceptions of the material universe.

He goes on to point out—it is the first time that we meet with the thought—how the Roman Empire, by bringing the nations into one polity, and subjecting them to the same jurisprudence—which he elsewhere recognizes as a Divine creation—prepared the way for the spread of the Christian Faith. Then he dwells upon the diverse ends of the two commonwealths: the one resting upon the doctrine of the Greek sophist that man is the measure of all things, making life its own object, and the seen and temporal the bound of human aspirations: the other measuring all things by the ideal of Christ, and reaching forward to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and reserved in heaven. Here the two commonwealths are intermingled for they exist side by side. But the City of the Earth is doomed to perish. The City of God has its foundations upon "the holy hills": it is the Jerusalem, the Vision of Peace, which is from above, whose King is Truth, whose Law is Charity, whose mode (*modus*) is Eternity. In it alone is true liberty—the liberty of those whom Christ has made free from sin. The City of the Earth, governed by the lust of power, is the slave of concupiscence, even when it boasts itself the conqueror of the world.

Such is a bird's-eye view of this famous treatise—I am not concerned with the merely apologetic part of it—the great and lasting value of which seems to me to lie in its emphatic proclamation of the spiritual nature of man as a domain over which the civil order has no power—a principle by the assertion of which the Church had been revealed to the world. The ancient jurist had declared, like the modern demagogue, that all is Cæsar's. St. Augustine sketches a spiritual society based upon a higher law than even the jurisprudence of Imperial Rome, and bearing allegiance to a greater potentate than the Emperor. It was a new conception in the world, and was destined most potently to influence the structure of society. It gave rise to what was called Christendom—a word which, by itself, if we rightly understand it, is sufficient to indicate the vastness of the revolution wrought by the faith of Christ in the public order.

The first fact about a man for a thousand years after the *City of God* was written was not his race but his religion. That, I say, was held to be the prime fact of life, and upon it the public order was professedly based. In pre-Christian Europe religions had been viewed in a very different light. They occupied, indeed, a highly important place in the State as being the bonds of nations and society. They were deemed necessary to corporate existence ; and thus we find Plato, in the *Republic*, describing "the erection of temples and the appointment of sacrifices and other ceremonies in honour of the gods," and "all the observances we must adopt in order to propitiate the inhabitants of the unseen world," as "the most momentous, the most august, and the highest acts of legislation." And they were regarded strictly as matters of public concern : they were the religions of nations, not of individuals : they were tribal, not personal, for the nation was originally a tribe. But the tribe, again, was merely an enlarged family. It was the family, natural or artificial, not the individual, that was the unit of archaic society, and this comes out very clearly in the sphere of religion. Thus Cato says in his instructions to his bailiff : "It is the pater-familias who offers worship for the whole family" : in a religious, as in a civil point of view, the personality of its members was merged in him. But Christianity did in the religious sphere what Roman jurisprudence was doing in the civil ; it substituted the individual for the family as the unit of which it took account, ranking him higher than the State, and the law of conscience before the law of public interest.

Thus, by proclaiming the ineffable worth of human personality, did Christianity re-create the individual, and similar was the transformation which it wrought upon the family. The jurisprudence of ancient Rome, like the philosophy of ancient Hellas, assigned to woman a position of servitude and seclusion. Cicero translates and adopts a passage of Plato expressing horror of a state of society "in which the slave refuses to obey his master, and the wife claims equality with her husband." Aristotle accounts woman as of an

inferior species ; and even Seneca—from whom better things might have been expected—declares her "*animal imprudens, ferum, cupiditatum impatiens.*" It is true, as Boissier has shown in his well-known work,[1] that in the second century of the Christian era she had practically acquired, in spite of law and philosophy, a certain degree of emancipation, nay, was often able to exercise considerable social and political influence. But certain is it that Christianity, by proclaiming the spiritual equality of woman with man, raised her to her true position, while by setting upon monogamy the seals of sanctity and indissolubility it made her preservation of that place an essential part of its system, gradually sublimating into an ideal sentiment what in the ancient world had been little more than an animal appetite.

The effect of Christianity upon the public order was, for long, indirect, but was not, upon that account, the less potent. Starting with the assertion of man's moral liberty and responsibility, the very postulates of her doctrine, the Church poured into the nations crushed and degraded by Imperialism, a new virility, freeing and invigorating the human faculties : while by her self-made constitution, her elected rulers, her deliberative councils, she kept alive the free democratic traditions, which Cæsarism had almost strangled, and trained the barbarian tribes who entered her fold in the principles and exercise of true liberty. As the subjects of the City of the Earth became the subjects of the City of God, the civil polity was informed by new principles. In the quaint language of Jeremy Taylor, the "Christians growing up from conventicles to assemblies, from assemblies to societies, introduced no change in the government, but by little and little turned the commonwealth into a Church." It was felt that a society of Christians ought to be a Christian society, and gradually the civil order was guided and governed by the principles of religion. An eminent English judge once laid it down—the dictum is now somewhat musty —that Christianity is part of the law of England. Of Christendom, while Christendom was, it might truly be

[1] See his *La Religion Romaine d'Auguste aux Antonins*, lib. III. c. 2.

said that the law was part of the religion. Everywhere the Cross of Christ was confessed to be the interpretation of life and the measure of the world, and a supernatural end was kept in view. Thus, St. Thomas Aquinas declares that the chief object which the civil ruler ought to have before him is the eternal beatitude of himself and his subjects,[1] and what may seem almost incredible in these days, even in guilds of the most distinctively industrial character the making of money was not the first thing sought after. "They set up something higher than personal gain or mere materialism," Miss Toulmin Smith well observes, "their main characteristic was to make the teaching of love to one's neighbour be not coldly accepted as a hollow dogma of morality, but known and felt as a habit of life."[2] "In the accounts of the Company of Grocers," writes Dr. Brentano, "it is mentioned that at their very first meeting they fixed the stipend of the priest who had to conduct their religious services and to pray for their dead. In this respect," he adds, "the craft guilds of all countries were alike, and in reading their statutes we might fancy sometimes that these old craftsmen cared only for the well-being of their souls."[3]

I take these instances almost at random. Every department of life, in the Ages of Faith, tells the same tale. The dominant idea everywhere is the Fatherhood of God revealed in Him who pleased not Himself, but humbled Himself unto death, making the great law of sacrifice the first law of His religion. And it is precisely this idea which marks off those ages from the times preceding them, and which is the source of their true greatness. Let no one suppose that I have the least sympathy with that religious romanticism which paints for us a mediæval period full of seraphic sweetness. I know well the dark side of the Middle Ages, recorded in terrible distinctness alike by Saints and sinners, by Doctors and heresiarchs :

[1] "Finis ad quem principaliter rex intendere debet in seipso et in subditis est æterna beatitudo" (*De Regim. Princ.*, 1, 2, c. 3). Observe the force of the word "*principaliter*."

[2] *Traditions of the Old Crown House*, p. 28.

[3] *The Original Ordinances of more than One Hundred Gilds.* Intr. p. 13.

"Face loved of little children long ago
Head hated of the priests and rulers then
Say, was not this Thy passion—to foreknow
In Thy death's hour, the works of Christian men."

True it is that mediæval iniquities were upon the same scale with mediæval virtues. But, on the other hand, it seems to me unquestionable that, as M. Littré says, the mediæval period is "in more than one respect superior to the times which preceded it," and that, as he goes on to add, "it is particularly so in the social state."[1] For myself I would claim for it, that resting, as it did, upon the morality of self-renunciation, it is superior to the times that preceded it in all that makes up civilization in the highest sense of the word: that it is "further advanced in the road to perfection: happier, wiser, nobler."[2] Christianity, preaching pitifulness and courtesy, deifying sorrow, simplicity, weakness and humility, poverty and purity, had opened an everflowing fountain of tenderness, of compassion, of pure love, which caused the very desert places of humanity to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Main tests of the social position of any community are the places held in it by women and children, by the indigent and the aged: and judged by these tests Christendom stands far above any previous organization of society. But its superiority appears to me to be hardly less clearly marked in its public polity, its literature, and its art, which were all informed by the same spirit. The notion of unlimited dominion, of Cæsarism, autocratic or democratic—perhaps the most baneful manifestation of human selfishness—had no place among its political conceptions, which regarded authority as limited and fiduciary: nor did it allow of absolutism in property: the canon law expressly lays down that extreme necessity makes all things common, so that what would

[1] *Études sur les Barbares et le Moyen Age*, p. 239.

[2] "The word civilization is a word of double meaning. We are accustomed to call a country civilized if we think it more improved, more eminent in the best characteristics of man and society, further advanced on the road to perfection, happier, nobler, wiser. But, in another sense, it stands for that kind of improvement which distinguishes a wealthy and powerful nation from savages or barbarians" (J. S. Mill, *Discussions and Dissertations*, vol. i. p. 160).

otherwise be theft ceases to be theft : that both clergy and laity are at all times bound to provide alms, as a duty of strict justice, even if need be by their own manual labour ; for alms, in the words of St. Ambrose, are the *right* of the poor : and the giving them is rather to be regarded as the discharge of a debt than the extension of a voluntary bounty. In its literature Dante sounds a deeper note than had gone forth from his master Virgil, and the very source of his inspiration is the austere spiritualism of the Catholic creed. In its philosophy St. Thomas Aquinas surveys the field of human thought from a loftier standpoint than any sage of Greece or Rome, and maps it out with a fulness and precision unattained even by him whom he reverently calls "the Philosopher" ; and it was from the Crucifix that the Angelic Doctor derived his intellectual light, and there that he discerned—according to the beautiful legend—his only and exceeding great reward. Mediæval art, even in its rudest stage, is informed by a higher ideal than ever dawned upon the mind of Hellenic painter or sculptor or architect : by the sentiment of the Infinite, revealed in the divinely human Person of the Man of Sorrows, the Son of the Mater Dolorosa. All that was great in that vanished public order which we call Christendom, flowed from the self-abnegation which is the central idea of Christianity. Singular paradox that this new civilization, so rich, and fertile, and varied—the direct source of all that is highest and noblest in our own age, and in each of us—should have been the work of men whose first principle it was to despise the world : that the greatest democratic movement, the most potent instrument of human enfranchisement, should have been a doctrine which made so light of personal freedom as to bid the slave care not for its loss : that the most effectual vindication of the most sacred rights of humanity should be referable to teachers who spoke only of its duties. Sublime commentary upon the saying of the Author of Christianity : "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." Strong assurance that "He knew what was in man," and that "His words shall not pass away."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, LONDON.

LACORDAIRE

(1802–1861)

BY THE VERY REV. VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

JOHN BAPTIST HENRY LACORDAIRE, the second son of Nicolas Lacordaire and Anna Maria Lacordaire (*née* Dugied), was born at Recey-sur-Ource, near Chatillon-sur-Seine, in Burgundy, May 12, 1802. From each of his parents he received gifts of mind and soul that made up his character. Through both he belonged to that professional class of lawyers and doctors whose mark is left so deeply on the history of those troubled years. His mother gave him her gifts of soul, her strength of will, her love of a simple life, her womanly insight into the unseen. His father was a type of character that throws light upon the strange contradictions of the French Revolution. A doctor with talents that would have won him a reputation in the capital of his province, he buried himself in the country, leading the simple life of a village doctor. He was at once a staunch Catholic and a fervent Liberal. A story is told of him that shows his worth. In 1799 the Abbé Magné, the parish priest of Recey, ventured to come back to his parish from which he had been driven out at bayonet-point some six years before. He knew well the Liberal opinions of the village doctor, but he counted for a shelter upon his generous heart, and not in vain. For three months the Abbé had no other parish altar than the simple table set up under the

doctor's roof, where the faithful and uncowed Catholics of Recey prayed for days of peace. A blessing seems to have sprung, as it ever springs, from the housing of an exiled servant of God. The simple parish-priest had doubtless more relations to the future orator of Notre-Dame than those expressed by the village Register of Baptisms, which simply states that the guest of the doctor baptized the son of the doctor on May 12, 1802. The father's influence over the child was one of mere heredity, as he died in 1806 whilst the latter was still in his fourth year. The little group of a widow and her four sons removed to Dijon. In her clear insight into the future needs of her children, and doubtless in her instinctive love of learning, she saw that nothing better could be given them than the best education; and this could not be provided for them at Recey.

It was time for the young Lacordaire to pass from the home to the school, those two first and most lasting influences of life. If greatness may be defined as sensitiveness to the diffused and as yet subconscious longings of one's age and people, the child of the village doctor was one of nature's great heroes. He had learned much from his parents; he was to learn still more from his century and fatherland. Just then France was asking many questions, and the men, especially the young men, of France were supplying answers as quickly as the questions were put. Had they been wise enough to see what serious questions they were, no doubt they would have felt that, instead of needing a month or a twelvemonth for reply, they could hardly be fully dealt with in a century or a cycle. It was the strength and weakness of France that it was fretful under imperfection. It had not grasped the truth, that if it is a part of wisdom to leave much unanswered, it is a still better part of wisdom to leave much unquestioned. The questions France was putting were not mere scholastic subtleties. Her doubt, as her art, has always been classic. She was mooting the problems of a Commonwealth without Feudalism, Representation without Privilege, Freedom without Favour,

a State without a State Church, Law without Religion, Progress without Jesus Christ, Civilization without God. She was attempting to renew the face of the earth by science and standing armies. And although in 1806 Napoleon, the Emperor, was giving his own emphatic answer to the questions, it can hardly be maintained, in face of what has occurred in France since 1814, and especially of what is still happening, that he was the mouthpiece of more than a despairing and perhaps thoughtless section of his citizens. Something of the perplexities and sadness of the times found a way into the soul of Lacordaire even as a child. The presence of death in his home and the sight of his mother's tears must have touched the sensitive, and we may even say melancholy, soul of the favourite child. Whilst still a child he used to preach, with such childlike earnestness, that Colette Marguet, his nurse, would cry out: "Enough, Master Henry. You will hurt yourself." "No, no," he would reply, "people commit too many sins. I could preach for ever." When eight years of age he was often to be seen at the windows of his home reading aloud to passers-by the sermons of Bourdaloue, accompanying it by gestures. The sonorous and sombre eloquence of the great orator has made few greater conquests than that over the child of eight years.

Later in life Lacordaire looked back on his boyhood as a martyrdom relieved by a few moments of joy. He used to speak tenderly of the fine large sacristy of St. Michael's, Dijon, and the figure of a kind, venerable old priest, Abbé Deschamps, seated on a bench and listening to the first acknowledgement of his childish faults. When ten years old he was given a burse at the Lycée of Dijon, one of the purely secular schools into which the youth of France were forced by the State monopoly of education. His simple piety, and perhaps his vein of precocious seriousness, made him the butt of some of his mischievous schoolfellows, who went so far as to deprive him for several weeks of all food, save bread and soup. In 1814 he made his First Communion. It was one of the only joys of this dreary period of his life. He had entered the school a pious, thoughtful child

of ten; he left it at seventeen bearing in his soul the effects of exposure to the atmosphere of indifference that he had been forced to breathe during seven of the earliest and most impressionable years of life. His account of himself explains his subsequent efforts for education based upon religion: "I left college at seventeen with my faith destroyed and my morals injured, but upright, open, impetuous, sensible to honour, with a taste for letters and for the beautiful, having before my eyes as the guiding star of my life the human ideal of glory. Nothing had supported our faith in a system of education in which the Word of God held but a secondary place, and was enforced neither with argument nor eloquence, whilst at the same time we were daily engaged in studying the masterpieces of heroic sanctity of antiquity." The taunts of his schoolfellows, and above all the purely secular atmosphere of the school, had blighted the faith of childhood, working the same gradual loss of religion in the young, enthusiastic student that it has since wrought in the nation at large.

In 1822, having finished his law studies at Dijon, Lacordaire went to Paris to enter at the bar. To those who knew his daily life and could enter into his thoughts and hopes, he must have seemed apart from, if not above, the crowd of young men who thronged the lecture-halls or the theatres of the metropolis of pleasure. He was just turned twenty. His life had hitherto been spent either in a village or a small provincial town. His horizon had been bounded by all the limitations of his town and age. Three things alone had contributed to widen his mind—classical literature, the throes of social unrest, and God. For the moment his hold on the unseen God had slackened. It was not religion, but dogmatic religion that had waned. Whilst other youths of his own age were in the cafés or the theatres he was at work in his attic in the Rue Mont-Thabor. In reading law it was not the mere series of decisions or regulations that attracted him. His mind went straight to the Law of laws. His soul, being cast in the heroic mould, needed solitude to foster it. But, as in so many other

cases, it was a solitude of his own making, a self-created desert in the midst of a garden of enjoyments. At one time or another those whom God specially calls must pass through what St. John of the Cross names the "dark night of the soul," symbolized to us by the three temptations that came upon Our Divine Saviour. Friendship, literature, patriotism, the praise of men, and that last temptation of great minds, the contempt of men, alike offered to fill the want in his soul. For a moment he dallied with them, but he could not rest in them. His mind was too keen and sure in its insight to take the boons of life for the end of life. He was dying or at least gasping with that thirst for God which makes some men's souls as real to them as their bodies. The historic champions of Christianity did not so much attract as repel him. He was introduced to a club of Catholic young men which was dominantly Royalist. But though he had some sympathy for their piety, they had none for his Liberalism. His conversion, whenever it took place, would be a development as much as a retractation.

Even before he believed in God Lacordaire found a means of praying to Him, as men hail the dawn before daybreak. Sometimes he was to be seen in churches on his knees, hidden, as he thought, behind a pillar, motionless and buried in thought. It could not have been the Pharisee's prayer on his lips, for his reward was the reward of the publican. Soon afterwards, in the May of 1824, he made his peace with God. His conversion though sudden, and perhaps unexpected at last, had been prepared for by the nine long years of official estrangement from the Church of God. No doubt, later on, he looked upon the grace of conversion as a "pistol shot," putting an instantaneous end to the darkness that enwrapped his soul. But in these matters autobiography is not necessarily the most accurate psychology. They who are suddenly startled by the appearance of the morning sun on the hill-top have not seen it slowly rising beyond the hills. May we not agree with many thinkers of to-day who hold that there are regions of the soul where men's minds grow

almost without taking thought, until the moment comes for action and they find themselves with an unforeseen point of view, new convictions and irresistible emotions? Lacordaire gives us a vivid description of the importunity and instantaneousness of his turning to God, in words which must be left as he left them. "An unbeliever one day, a Christian the next—certain with an invincible certainty—it was not the denial of my reason suddenly reduced to a state of slavery; it was rather, on the contrary, the widening of reason—a view of all things within a broader horizon and under a stronger light. Nor was it any sudden lowering of the will, under some hard and fast rule, but the development of all its energies by means of an act springing from a source above nature. Lastly, it did not uproot my affections; it fulfilled and transformed them. *The whole man was left untouched: all that was added to him was the God who made him.*"

The motive of his conversion was as characteristic as the manner of it. It was not a question of subtraction as of addition, and indeed of multiplication. He had found his Liberalism an element of dissimilarity with the Royalist club of Catholic young men. Yet he did not give up his Liberalism. It too was received back with him into the Church. Indeed, it had led him part of the way thither. "I have reached Catholic belief," he says, "through social belief; and nothing appears to me better demonstrated than this argument. Society is necessary, therefore the Christian religion is divine, for it is the means of bringing society to its true perfection."

The soul that had thus made its way to the truth had not to base its future on the denial of its past convictions, but on the conviction of its past hopes. The moment that its desires reached the level of certainty there remained but the formal act of faith and the formal absolution. The crisis was one of reconciliation rather than conversion.

It was a crisis, too, of self-sacrifice. What Lacordaire would have undoubtedly and inaccurately called Liberalism had driven him back to the Church. It

did not stop there; it drove him still further, into the priesthood of the Church. On his twenty-second birthday, May 12, 1824, a few days after his reconciliation, he placed himself under the Sulpicians at Issy. He must have been a strange paradox to the simple-minded, saintly men who had the guidance of the students. His Liberal opinions, his power of ridicule not always suppressed, his occasional uprisings against points of college routine, all tended to make him an object of some anxiety to the professors. The student who waged war against the college caps by throwing them behind the common-room fire, or embarrassed professors of philosophy by the force and freshness of his objections in class, did not seem at first sight to have the makings of a good parish-priest such as it was the ideal of St. Sulpice to send out from her halls. So securely did he rest on his newly-found faith that he was the last one in the college to suspect that his outward conduct would endanger his priesthood. Probably his solitary life had developed within him a self-reliance which bordered on undue independence. Although his irrepressible turn for argument and his instinctive distaste for correction lay open to all, he was at no pains to make known the secrets of his soul's first efforts after union with God, his prolonged study of the Word of God, his childlike prayers, his thirst for a life of seclusion and self-sacrifice. Thus, because he was not at once what he wished, he was taken to be what he had been. His professors would have been surprised to find that the writer of the following fervent words was the student John Henry Lacordaire: "Oh, what a Book! and what a religion! What a marvellous chain links the first word of the Old Testament with the last word of the New!" And again: "You asked me what I am doing in my solitude. I am giving myself up to the studies and meditations I have always loved. Every day I see more plainly that there is no truth out of religion, and that it alone resolves the endless difficulties which philosophy is powerless to overcome."

It was thought best to put off his ordination in the hope that Lacordaire would lay aside all wish for the priesthood. At last his soul revealed itself in all its strength and weakness to his superiors. They had the discernment to see the true priest under the somewhat unconventional student. On September 22, 1827, he was ordained priest by Monsignor Quelen, Archbishop of Paris. The groove in which his thoughts then ran may be guessed from two incidents which happened at no great interval. When it became evident to him that his superiors disapproved of his wish to be a priest he did not make it an excuse with his soul for going back to the worldly career which offered him so many chances of fame. He began to think seriously of entering a religious order, and even took some steps towards joining the Society of Jesus ; but Monsignor Quelen opposed the plan. Soon after his priesthood he was offered the post of Auditor of the Rota at the Roman Curia, a dignity which would lead to the episcopate. His reply was a prophecy: "When I made up my mind to enter the priesthood, I had one thing in view, and that was to serve the Church by the ministry of preaching; that is my vocation. . . . I shall always remain a simple priest, and shall probably one day or other become a religious." Instead of a post at the Roman Curia, he preferred a humble chaplaincy to a convent of Visitation nuns. The quiet of the convent gave him time to arrange in his mind some of the philosophical and theological questions that he had glanced at whilst preparing for priesthood. After a year, he was appointed under-chaplain to the College Henri-Quatre, where he read St. Augustine, Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, De la Mennais, and Church History. Before the year was at an end his old dream of being a missionary came upon him. Whilst it was still influencing his mind, a new influence was brought to bear upon him which later on nearly cost him his soul, and ushered in a new stage of his eventful life.

In the spring of 1830 he made his first visit to La

Chesnaie, the home of De la Mennais. Something had unaccountably drawn the young convert to this champion of the Church's liberty. It was not the Abbé's absolutism in politics, nor his traditionalism in philosophy, nor his originality in theology. These made a gulf between the two men which their subsequent partnership only served to disguise. They were really apart in something more than opinions The severance was a personal one. Their characters were unlike.

Through his self-sacrifice and humility Lacordaire had always had the soul of faith even in his unbelief ; through his self-assurance—and shall we not say pride ?—De la Mennais had perhaps always had the soul of unbelief even with his faith. It was not De la Mennais, the man, the politician, the philosopher, the theologian, that drew the young chaplain of the College Henri-Quatre ; it was De la Mennais, the champion of the Church, the defender of freedom, the herald of the principle "A free Church in a free State." Yet in spite of the influence of the hermit of La Chesnaie, Lacordaire, in despair of ever finding in France the circumstances favourable to his mission of serving and preaching the Word with all the freedom of a prophet, determined to set sail for the United States, which his young mind had apotheosized as the paradise of liberty. He obtained the consent of his mother and Monsignor Quelen, and was in Burgundy taking leave of his family and friends when the Abbé Gerbet, the favourite pupil of De la Mennais, came to ask if he would join their common master in editing a newspaper to be named the *Avenir*. The editors hoped thereby to convince their countrymen who loved freedom that the French Church had a right to be free. It was a tempting offer to the young chaplain. Every best impulse of his mind and heart prompted him to join the new crusade which opened out to him at the opening of life. He saw the hope of being faithful to his old Liberal principles by claiming them for the National Church. It was an enterprise he could not refuse to join, more especially as the new sovereign, Louis Philippe, by granting freedom to the press, had made the *Avenir* a possibility. His

missionary journey to America was abandoned in favour of an apostolate of the press.

On October 15, 1830, the first number of the *Avenir* was issued, the young Abbé Lacordaire being one of the sub-editors. The new paper soon became a kind of informal House of Convocation of a powerful section of the clergy, not to speak of the laity. Its programme was a frank espousal of the new social doctrine of freedom. It upheld freedom of the press, and war against despotism and privilege; freedom of education, and war against a State monopoly of education; freedom of association, and war against the anti-monastic laws; and, to be consistent, it was bound to maintain freedom of religion, and to declare war against the endowment of the clergy. The war it waged was not a sham-fight. It fought in grim earnest, and entered the lists against all challengers, philosophers and sub-prefects, ministers and citizens, university professors, Gallicans, priests and laymen. Every issue was a broadside. Its speculative principle was "A Free Church in a Free State"; its practical policy "Liberty is not given, it is taken." To win the patronage of the *Avenir* it was only necessary to have a just cause and to be unprotected. It made no attempt to follow Public Opinion; it aimed at creating it. If eloquence and vigour could have moved the mountain of tradition that still ruled in France, the *Avenir* would have renewed the face of the land. But its eloquence was sometimes the exaggeration of young men who were unexperienced or of older men who were undisciplined, and its vigour was often the overflow of unrestraint or the ill-temper of thwarted enthusiasm. It wanted prudence and patience. Perhaps the very absence of these virtues may have helped it to do as much as it did. At a time when a revolution was still smouldering, parties divided, the Government sullen, the episcopate packed, priests insulted, religious driven out and churches violated, its very force and outspokenness nerved and stimulated the clergy, thwarted Gallicanism, and threw down most of the barriers preventing freedom of association and of education. War is

not waged successfully with palliatives, neither is it normal or permanent. The *Avenir* did a work with the usual human accompaniment of error and perhaps injustice.

The time came when Rome was urged, and indeed pressed, to condemn the errors. With characteristic frankness Lacordaire determined to lay his principles before the Holy Father in person. He persuaded De la Mennais and Montalembert to bear him company in his journey, even if they could not share in his loyalty. Towards the end of December, 1831, the three editors of the *Avenir* entered the gates of the Eternal City to seek the confirmation of their doctrines. There was no lack of contrast between the three, the young peer of France, the convert Liberal Abbé, the man of genius and fame, as they made their way from the noisy battlefield of politics, religion, liberty to the City of the Past where all human events are looked upon as episodes in a never-won and never-ending victory of the City of God over the City of Satan.

The visit to Rome, whatever it may have been to De la Mennais, was a disillusionment and a revelation to his humble pupil. The young editor found friendship in Rome but not flattery. The kindness meted out to him could not blind him to the impartiality and justice that would be meted out to his principles. His education had been provincial hitherto, now it was to become cosmopolitan. Faith had come to him through his social creed, but even his social doctrines were a local formulary of faith, a specific for remedying the ills of his nation. Religion, too, though master of his whole soul, had not effectively mastered his whole thought. It was still to him a supernatural force necessary for the salvation of France. Its motto was "Gesta Dei per Francos." He had to be born in a higher sphere of life; the horizon of his mind had to be widened. Religion, and especially revealed religion, had to show itself to be not the mere ornament or preservative of a nation, but the balsam of life, the ark of salvation for man as man.

To bring this higher truth before the young Abbé

it needed no more than a short abode under the shadow of the Tomb of the Fisherman. Whilst his master was fretting his soul at the coldness which met his schemes for the salvation of the city of salvation, the pupil was thanking God for the streams of disillusionment and light that almost blinded his humble eyes. Later on he could write: "I know neither the day nor the hour when it took place, but at last I saw what I had not before seen, and I left Rome free and victorious. I had learnt from my own experience that the Church is the deliverer of the human intellect; and as from freedom of intellect all other freedoms necessarily flow, I perceived the questions which then agitated the world in their true light." He left Rome in March, 1832. Whilst at Munich he chanced to meet his master and his friend. Their last meeting-place had been in Rome some five months before. A providence had no doubt arranged that De la Mennais, and still more the young Montalembert, should have the sympathy and wise counsels of the convert Abbé in the trial that was so soon to befall them. At a public dinner, given by the most distinguished artists and writers of Munich, De la Mennais was informed that a stranger outside wished to see him. It was an envoy of the Apostolic Nuncio, who placed in his hands the fatal Encyclical Letter of Pope Gregory XVI, *Mirari Vos*, condemning his principles, and bearing the subscription "Rome, Aug. 15, 1832." It is hard to say which of the three minds was dealt the heaviest blow. One alone staggered and fell; one reeled for a moment and was caught in the arms of him who was "strong as a diamond, more loving than a mother"; one, and he the convert Liberal, stood up under the blow, obedient, serene, triumphant, free. Indeed, his soul grew under the shock as firs strike deeper roots into the mountain clefts under the buffets of the storm. On Dec. 4th, before leaving La Chesnaie, the abode of his master, he wrote to him: "My conscience no less than my honour obliges me" to leave you, "for I must do something with my life in God's service; and, not being able to follow you, what should I do here save worry and discourage you, put obstacles in the way of

your plans, *and ruin myself?*" He left La Chesnaie that same day, as he said, "not knowing what was to become of me, nor feeling sure how God might look upon the step I had just taken."

For about a year Lacordaire remained as chaplain to the nuns of the Visitation, where he had lived before. It was a time of quiet. To minds such as his the usefulness of such a period is prospective rather than retrospective. Their leisure is not rest after the toil of yesterday, but preparation for the toil of to-morrow. His long hours of quiet were spent with the Bible, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas—those heroes of thought who took his soul along with theirs above the din of worldly strife into the still atmosphere of the "eternal ideas."

In January, 1834, Lacordaire began a series of Conferences to the students of the College Stanislaus. He could not forget that through the pages of the *Avenir* he had taught the clergy of France; but it cost him little to find a new audience in a few youths who were still in their teens, and still unable to understand or value the depths of his apologetics. However, on the second day of his Conferences the pupils had to give way to crowds of strangers, who increased daily. His defence of the Church was so new and so frankly redolent of the Liberal movement in which he had been born that the Government, taking alarm, denounced him to the Archbishop, and the Conferences were suspended. Thus for the second time was the zeal of the young convert Abbé met by the restraining hand of authority. But the prohibition to preach merely brought about the inevitable victory which so soon follows on obedience. Authority having tested and proved his loyalty, was now to employ him in wider fields and in more honourable enterprises. The Archbishop proposed to renew the Conferences, on condition that they should no longer be given in a college chapel. In the beginning of Lent, 1835, the vast cathedral of Notre-Dame was filled to overflowing with the men of Paris, curious to hear the convert Liberal Abbé, but still more eager to see this man amongst men who, in an age of revolutions, had been great enough to practise and to glory in obedience.

During the Lent of 1835 and 1836 Lacordaire spoke to his vast audience of men on the subject of the Church—its nature, necessity, constitution, authority, of the relations of Church and State, of its doctrines, traditions, writings. The last three Conferences opened up the question of reason and faith, and of the means of obtaining faith by the faithful use of reason. The interest created by his Conferences became an intoxication. The contemporary accounts of his success abound with superlatives. Men compared him with Bossuet, St. Bernard, Savonarola. It was enough to dazzle the mind of a young Abbé of some three-and-thirty years. Not that every one sympathized with his methods or his success. His style was condemned. Some were eager to see even his doctrine condemned; nor were these the worst class of men, but earnest Catholics, laymen and clerics, who were scandalized at the new apologetics, so intelligible and so hostile to the gospel of freedom. Yet the young preacher had that which a true apostle values above all else, the sympathy and blessing of superiors. He could have afforded to pay no heed to the voice of discontent had not the hostile criticisms found their most eloquent advocate in his own sensitive conscience. When on his bed of death he recalled the feelings that lay uppermost in his mind during all the dazzling success of 1835 and 1836, he wrote: "I understood that I was not ripe for the task." Twice restrained by the voice of authority, he was now to be silenced for seven long years by the voice of conscience. A heavy sorrow may have added weight to his own inner criticisms. In the month of February his mother died. She had been a mother worthy of her son. Though no trace of the grief he felt finds its way into his correspondence, the presence of death so close to him must have seconded his thoughts of self-abnegation. In May, 1836, whilst at the very height of success and popularity, when his dream of "doing something with his life in God's service" was being realized with a fruitfulness which he had never anticipated, the inner voice of God, which never failed him at the solemn epochs of his life, urged him once

more to make the pilgrimage to the Eternal City, there to learn the secrets of the future, and thence to return with the shield of Rome's authority. With no misgivings and no settled plans, driven by conscience and God, by his freedom, with its almost contradictory impulse towards obedience, he once more went to dwell under the shadow of the Fisherman's Tomb.

It was there that he replied to De la Mennais' pitiful book, *Les Affaires de Rome*, by his own *Letter on the Holy See*. The two books were as the two men. One was a petulant complaint against the human side of the Church's authority; the other was an eloquent acknowledgement of the divine something that lurks within, and is the contradiction and salvation of what is most evident and most deplorable. But it was not with his pen or books alone that Lacordaire spent his time in Rome. We find him delaying his return to France in order to work amongst the victims of the cholera, who could only communicate with him, as he with them, by the mute language of misery and sympathy. All the while he was musing over the possibility of giving himself still more to apostolic work and obedience by entering one of those religious orders whose headquarters were in the heart of Christendom. He felt that his mission of announcing the Word to an unbelieving age would be made easier if he could stand before his fellow-countrymen with the habit and the sanction of a religious body. His own past, his years of unbelief, his connection with the author of the *Paroles d'un Croyant*, were not calculated to inspire confidence in the minds of the ordinary Catholic layman and priest. Thus he was led by a course of reason no less than by the voice of conscience to seek out in one or other of the religious orders that support and sanction which he could not find in his past years of life.

There is a paragraph in Lacordaire's Memoirs, written on his bed of death, wherein he analyzes with his old insight and eloquence the thoughts that crowded into his mind whilst praying before the shrines of the Church's heroes in Rome: "I persuaded myself, therefore, as I wandered through Rome,

praying in her Basilicas, that the greatest service which could be rendered to Christendom in our time would be to do something for the restoration of the religious orders. But this persuasion, though clear as the gospel to me, left me undecided and trembling when I went on to reflect how insufficient I was for so great a work. I had no ambition for ecclesiastical honours; and indeed even before my conversion I had never been sensible of that ordinary ambition on which the hearts of most men are fixed. I had loved glory before I had loved God, and that was all. Nevertheless, on looking into myself I found nothing there that appeared to correspond with the idea of a founder or a restorer of an order. When I cast my eyes on those giants of ancient piety and fortitude my soul sank under me like a rider under the weight of his horse. . . . The mere thought of sacrificing my liberty to a rule and to superiors terrified me. The child of an age that knows not how to obey, independence had at once been my cradle and my guide. How should I be able suddenly to transform myself into a docile child, and no longer seek for light to direct my actions, save in humble obedience?"

Even in these matters of weightiest spiritual interest he could not cease to be himself. His innate independence of character was not one of the least motives determining him to enter the Order of Friar Preachers, or Dominicans. His own words reveal his soul: "If we are asked why we have chosen the Order of Preachers, we reply, because it suits our nature, our mind, and our aim: our nature by its government, our mind by its teaching, and our aim by its means of action, which are principally preaching and sacred science. St. Dominic laid a great burden upon the body, whilst at the same time he left considerable latitude to the mind; he gave his Order the form of a limited monarchy, making his superiors chosen by election and his legislation to proceed from chapters." He left Rome with these thoughts in his mind in September, 1837. Two months were spent at Solesmes with Dom Gueranger in 1838. There, under the shadow of St. Benedict, he studied the constitutions of the Order of Preachers. He was again in

Rome in July, 1838, arranging with the Holy See and with the authorities of the Order for the re-establishment of the Order in France. One remark he has left shows us the secret impulse of his zeal. He was very urgent with Cardinal Sala, Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, that he and his fellow-novices should not make their novitiate in Piedmont but in Rome. Thus he writes: "The centre of Christendom is the only place whence religious could arrive in France without causing surprise. It is of importance, moreover, to the Holy See that we should set out under her wings. *Rome and Public Opinion, that is what I have always built on.*" He returned to France in September, 1838, to gather a band of novices. In the spring of 1839 his Memoir for the re-establishment in France of the Friar Preachers won for him the approval of Public Opinion on which he depended. He was back in Rome in March; and on April 9, 1839, the transferred feast of St. Vincent Ferrer, "the Angel of the Apocalypse," Dominic Lacordaire received the habit of a friar preacher from the hands of the Master-General of the Order in the chapel of St. Dominic, within the Church of the Minerva. A few days later he entered the novitiate-house at La Quercia, near Gradi.

Novitiate life, hard even to a novice fresh from college, must have been trebly hard to a man of seven-and-thirty with an almost indomitable love of freedom and an almost world-wide reputation. Whatever may have been his instinctive dread of the solitude and austerities of his rule, he succeeded in surmounting it. The Master-General offered to shorten his novitiate by six months, but the fervent novice begged to be dispensed only from the threatened dispensation. His novice-master could write of him: "Among the many and great virtues which distinguished him, one was dear to him above all the rest, and that was humility. Looking on himself as the last of the novices, he read at table, swept the corridors, drew water, trimmed the lamps, and willingly undertook the meanest services without seeking any sort of distinction or dispensation. He was never heard to speak of himself, nor would he allow any one else to do

so." Then with a touch of southern poetry, and of just pride in his illustrious novice, the old novice-master adds: "Père Lacordaire, in his great modesty, was like those stars which, while they cast floods of light into the heavens, allow only a few pale, feeble rays to reach our earth."

The year of his novitiate was a year of spiritual growth, during which, in communion with God, he laid the foundations of a love for his crucified Master which was to become the passion of his remaining years of life. He lived in company with a heroic model of Christian chivalry. In his leisure hours he spent his time studying and then writing the Life of St. Dominic. Newman used to say that he could meditate best with a pen in his hand. Lacordaire, too, was one of those souls whom work, and especially literary work, rapt into the world of divine realities. When the time of his profession drew nigh he had become an accomplished religious, full of that chivalrous love for Christ that makes earth a place of exile and self-sacrifice a need of the soul. He pronounced his vows in the convent chapel of La Quercia, April 12, 1840. Soon afterwards the picturesque and historic convent of Santa Sabina, on the Aventine, was handed over for the use of the future Province of French Dominicans. He went back to France in November wearing his religious habit, which had not been seen there for half a century. The sight of it everywhere raised the drooping spirits of the friends of the Church by reminding them of the success that comes of fearlessness. Even greater encouragement for the weak was given by his appearance in the pulpit of Notre-Dame, clad in the black and white robes of his Order. It heralded and symbolized the coming spring-time of religious renewal. His stay of five months in France was a long triumph.

Lacordaire was again in Rome in April, 1841, nowise dazzled by the success of his latest move; indeed, instinctively expectant of those trials which success excites. He had not long to wait for the cross. Members of the French Government had

very probably represented to Rome that the convert follower of De la Mennais, with his gift of eloquence, was gathering together a band of enthusiastic young men who would harm the State equally with the Church. One evening, when returning to the convent of San Clemente, where he and his community were now sheltered, a letter from the Cardinal Secretary of State was put into his hands. It commanded him to remain alone in Rome and to disperse his little flock to La Quercia, near Viterbo, and to Bosco, in Piedmont. Humanly speaking it was the death-blow of all his work and all his dreams for the past years. It was the third and last trial that authority was to put upon him. It found him still obedient, still humble, still trustful in Him for whom alone he studied, wrote, preached, suffered, obeyed. He gathered his community round him with little trace of the inward sorrow that rent his heart, and quietly laid before them the full weight of the blow. They were free, he said, to go back to the world if they thought it best. They were free; he, being a professed religious, was bound to persevere. They knew his inward hopes. All said they would follow him, and without more ado the Retreat began with as much peacefulness as if they were not upon the point of suppression. At its close the novices were dispersed, and Père Lacordaire was sent, almost in disgrace, to the Convent of the Minerva, under the eye of the Master-General. Not one word of reproach fell from his lips or pen. What a world of patience he had gone through since his old college days, when the young convert flung the college caps into the fire! He bowed to authority as if to the voice of God. When it laid silence on him he was silent; when it bade him speak, the vast cathedrals of France became too small for those who wished to hear. He passed from victory to victory because of obedience. To him the root of all triumphs was that first victory which great souls must win over themselves by obedience. The storm soon passed over, leaving no outward trace of its passage. But in the eyes of God what strength and

sensitiveness had come to the soul of the humble friar! After closing a course of sermons which had revived the Catholic cause in Bordeaux from December to March, he met his united brethren once more at Bosco in the month of May. There were few more trials awaiting him from the hand of authority. He had been tried and found faithful. Henceforth his life was to be spent in devoting his whole energy to the work of restoring the broken walls of the Church in his beloved nation. With the exception of a short period, when he was drawn by the advice and perhaps by the command of others into politics, his whole energy was directed in its outward side towards preaching, founding convents, and restoring Catholic higher education.

We need hardly enter into the toils which were his in restoring a religious order at a time when the Church was weak and governments meddlesome and suspicious. The wonder is that the great orator of Notre-Dame had the genius of taking those infinite pains and using that delicate insight into details without which the organization of communities and community life is an impossibility. Zealous, and indeed enthusiastic, as he was, he never allowed mere zeal to preside at the foundation of his communities. One chief reason why he had chosen the Order of St. Dominic was its frank recognition both of the highest and lowest in human nature, its high atmosphere of penance, its wise power of dispensation. Into that temperate blend of what is spiritual and what earthly in man he instinctively entered. He never wished his followers to imitate him. The principle "not to do as I do, but to do as I say," was paradoxically affirmed by his practice far out-distancing his precepts. It was only the shadow of his own penance that he suggested to others. He never yielded to the temptation of making a rule to others what his own free-will had made a rule to himself. His love of liberty was displayed less in claiming freedom than in granting it. Thus he founded his province in wisdom. And though its growth was quick even in those days of

trial, it was its solidity rather than its expansion that made its boast.

His lifelong dream had been to spread the Word with free and open hand. In 1836 his own sense of unfitness had forbidden him to mount the pulpit in the vast cathedral which he used to call "his fatherland." For seven years, save on one occasion, he remained a voluntary exile from Notre-Dame. With a soul on fire for souls, like his divine Master, he showed the fine heroic temperament of self-reserve. Lesser souls would have fretted themselves into melancholia had they been banished from their ambition. His great heart merely gathered strength from silence. When at last, in the Advent of 1843, he mounted the pulpit after his seven years' silence the vast minster was overflowing with men eager to see this prince of orators who had once said that "after speech the greatest power God has given us is silence." It was uncertain what he would say to the crowds; still more uncertain how the crowds would take what he said. Some of his friends had armed themselves in their fear and surrounded the pulpit. He who should have been most afraid was alone without fear. When pleading to be allowed to carry his habit into the pulpit before the very eyes of the Church's enemies he had written to the Archbishop that "at his third sentence he would win their hearts." His prophecy was fulfilled. Even the anti-Catholic press was silent or favourable. He spoke of the influence of faith over the mind of man. The course of Conferences led him to review some of the vexed questions that had shipwrecked De la Mennais. There was something almost tragic in the sight of the most brilliant follower of De la Mennais broaching the same fundamental question from the first pulpit in Christendom. No wonder that the convert needed a religious habit, the prestige of three childlike submissions and the strength of seven years' self-communion before he dared speak or could hope to be heard. With the exception of the year 1847, his Conferences were continued until 1851. During that time he spoke of the influence of Faith on the Soul (1844)—of the

influence of Faith on Society (1845). Then followed his masterly Conferences on Jesus Christ (1846). During the revolutionary year of 1848 he was explaining the existence and nature of God, creation, and the nature of man. The last three years of his preaching were spent in expounding man's intercourse with God (1849), man's rebellion against God (1850), and man's redemption by God (1851). From time to time other sermons took him from his "fatherland," but it was there that he won his place amongst the great apostles of the Word. It was the spirit of an apostle that prompted him for a few months to plunge into the whirlpool of politics in 1848, that year of revolutions. Pius IX had been driven to Gaeta; the temporal power of the Popes was declared at an end. In France the Republican party had driven Louis Philippe from the throne which he had held since 1830. The sympathy of Catholics had been obtained by the promise of religious and educational freedom. Lacordaire's passionate devotion to the Church's freedom inclined him to throw in his lot with the now dominant Republican party, whose promises were so fair. To support his new friends he joined with Frederic Ozanam, best known as the founder of the Conferences of St. Vincent of Paul, in editing a paper called the *Ère Nouvelle*. To quit his monastic quiet for the whirlpool of politics was a heavy cross, but he had to carry a still heavier one. The Republican party now in power endeavoured, like their brethren in Italy, to gain popular sanction by a profession of loyalty to the Church. In France they sent three bishops and eleven priests to the Assembly. By the advice of those whom neither he nor the Catholics of France could ignore he offered himself for election. Marseilles returned him as deputy. It was a strange sight to see the apostle of Notre-Dame carrying his friar's habit into the nation's legislature. The step he took may have been a false one, but it was done under advice, against his will, and as an act of self-sacrifice for the two causes which lay nearest his heart, God and Liberty. It did not take

long to convince him that a priest, and still more a friar, must move in a high spiritual orbit which makes it an impossibility to belong consistently to any political party. He had only to act up to this conviction. Accordingly on May 16, 1848, he gave in his resignation.

His last few years of life were devoted to the work of education. In this they offered a strange parallel with our own English convert, Cardinal Newman. Events had prepared a way for Lacordaire's lifelong purpose of encouraging Catholic higher education in France. In 1850 M. Falloux had succeeded in passing a Bill which allowed Catholics to open schools. In 1852 Lacordaire took over the college of Oullins, which had been founded in 1833 by a society of secular priests in a spirit of reconciliation between Catholicism and what was true in the new Liberal movement. Four of the professors wished to carry on their work under the shelter of the Dominican Order. He determined to organize them into a Congregation of Tertiary Priests. On August 15, 1853, they made their vows in his hands, and on August 8, 1854, he took possession in their name of the ancient Benedictine college of Sorèze. There he made his headquarters until his death. His life in the school was one of continuous self-sacrifice. He worked amongst the boys with the devotion of a father. He often preached to them, and never without preparation. It was edifying to know that this master of sacred eloquence thought it not misspent time to give a week's preparation to the boys' Conference.

One last public act was to take place before his death, as if to symbolize the work of his tireless life. On January 24, 1834, he was made a member of the French Academy. It was the first time that the coveted honour had ever been given to a member of a religious order. The Protestant historian Guizot was deputed to speak. It was a day of contrasts and consolations. Perhaps the pale, haggard recipient of the honour summed up the emotions of the event when he described his presence in their midst as the

"Symbol of Liberty, accepted and supported by Religion."

We should run on to many pages were we to describe the inner life which religion had created and fostered in his soul. He used to say that "we have two great vices to combat, pride and voluptuousness; and two great virtues to acquire, humility and penance." He knew of nowhere better to find God than on Calvary, and for him there were but two roads thither, penance and humility. He treated his body almost as a slave. It had to be content with poor, scanty food. His scourgings were out of all harmony with his century, but not with his chivalrous love of Calvary. No one could imagine the ingenuities of his humility. It is not enough to say that he was one of the community; he was as the lowest of the community. The youngest might correct him. He would reveal the sins of his past life to simple lay-brothers and even to laymen. When men thought him proud of his triumphs and ambitious of honour he was to be seen at the feet of one or other of his brethren beseeching pardon for some trivial sign of impatience. His love of Jesus crucified became a passion of his soul. Yet it changed nothing within him; it merely gave him God as the horizon of his thoughts and hopes. He remained what he was by nature, except in so far as grace developed his natural powers. Some few years before his death he said: "I hope to live and die a penitent Catholic and an impenitent Liberal." His hope was granted him. On November 21, 1861, the last struggle ended, and he who had fought, worked, studied, preached, prayed, and obeyed for God and liberty passed to judgement and, we hope, reward.

May the unspoken eloquence of his life nerve us to tread in our own measure the path he trod!

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, LONDON.

A STORY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

A SMALL Brittany town a few years ago held a joyous feast. It was for the marriage day of a young man named John Kerlo, who was universally liked and esteemed in the place, and who was the son of a noted fisherman, Yvo, who had perished in a terrible storm two years before. For centuries this family had been known as sailors and fishermen in the little seaside town, and John was a magnificent type of a Breton, tall and powerful, with a good and energetic face and dark chestnut hair.

Everything about him inspired sympathy. He had been exempted from military service as the eldest son of a widow; but his brother, Matthew, was a marine at Brest, so that the care of his poor mother rested with John, who was most kind and attentive to her. He had chosen his young wife wisely. Cecilia was worthy of him in every way, and a model of piety, gentleness and unselfishness. Her face, without being beautiful, was pleasing and sympathetic. She had the sweetest voice and smile, and, although an orphan ever since she was six years old, had been carefully brought up, first by the good priest's sister, and then in an orphanage of Sisters of Charity, where she had been lovingly received, and trained in piety and industry

till she was seventeen. She had also been taught needlework and simple dressmaking; so that when she left the convent she went to live with an old servant of her mother's and began working at her trade, in which she was eminently successful. The good old rector and his sister never lost sight of her and both were delighted when John Kerlo fell in love with and proposed to her; for John was an excellent Catholic and most regular in his attention to his religious duties. Dressed in the beautiful Breton costume, and full of love and confidence in each other, their marriage was in all ways a blessed and happy one, and the young fishermen escorted them to their home with cheers and joyful music. The poor old mother seemed to live again in the happiness of her son, and her daughter-in-law devoted herself in every way to her comfort.

They were not rich; but the fishery brought in a good deal at certain seasons, and Cecilia's dressmaking enabled her to put by a nice little sum for emergencies. They were very happy in their quiet, pious lives. Morning and evening they said their prayers together, and on Sundays and festivals John never failed to go to church with his wife and mother, and very often also to Holy Communion.

Towards the end of the year, God sent them a little girl, whom they called "Anna" after her grandmother, and who grew up the image of her father. The whole countryside talked of Kerlo's little home as a paradise upon earth, and the rector and his sister often came to see the happy result of their charitable care of the orphan child. Alas! this happiness was not to be of long duration.

Matthew, John's brother, came home from his naval duties very much changed for the worse. Religion seemed to have been crushed out of his heart, and ambition had taken its place. He determined to try and persuade his brother that his herring and sardine fishery was not worth the trouble; that the thing to do was to go to Newfoundland to the great cod fisheries, where large fortunes could be made; and that a new boat could now be obtained for a comparatively small sum in which they could make the venture. Matthew talked well, and finally persuaded his brother to go and look at the boat. It was an unhappy day for John when he thus yielded. The prayers and tears of his wife and mother were unavailing. The boat was bought and their home mortgaged to pay for it, Matthew being confident that in a year or two the whole sum would be redeemed and their fortune made. The little vessel was brought into the harbour and excited the admiration of every one. John called it *St. Anne d'Auray*, and got the rector to bless it. He hung a crucifix on the mast, and a picture of St. Anne teaching the Blessed Virgin Mary to read.

Then came the day of departure. Every one was on the shore to wish the two sailors God speed. John convulsively kissed his mother and his wife and child; and then the anchor was raised, and the beautiful little vessel rapidly disappeared till it was only a speck on the horizon, while the poor broken-hearted women returned to their home, which they felt was no longer theirs, as all, even to their furniture, had been pledged to pay for the vessel which had destroyed their happi-

ness. "I shall never see them again!" exclaimed the poor mother in her deep sorrow.

They prayed continually, and Cecilia taught her little Anna to beseech her patroness daily to preserve her darling father and bring about his safe return. Months passed, and after a time they heard that one vessel after another was coming home, and that the fishing season had been excellent. But what about the *St. Anne d'Auray?* At last, a letter came announcing the success of John and Matthew, and that they hoped very soon to return home with a heavy cargo. But, alas! in a few days the newspapers stated that a fishing vessel named *St. Anne*, on her way home from Newfoundland to Port Louis, had been run down one dark night in a fog by an American sailing-vessel and had disappeared, with every one on board, in a few minutes.

It was necessary to break the news to the poor wife and mother before the official confirmation reached the place; and the poor old rector undertook the painful duty. Cecilia was preparing their little dinner when the old priest came in. He seemed more bent and aged than usual, leaning on his stick and looking more grave and sad than she had ever seen him. Poor Cecilia had an instant presentiment that something had happened, and exclaimed:—

"Father Rector! at this hour? Good God! . . . John?" She could say no more and burst into tears.

The kind priest spoke of bad news, but perhaps it was not true. She must call up all her courage, all her energy, and accept whatever was sent as the will of God. . . . But Cecilia and the poor mother had

no illusions, and could only find comfort in praying for the souls of the dear ones who were gone. The poor little child cried bitterly too, seeing the grief of her mother and grandmother. As for the latter, the news was her death-blow. She lost sleep and appetite, and in a week or two died in the old family arm-chair.

Cecilia, left to bear this overwhelming sorrow with only her little three-year-old child, felt that she could not stay in a house which was no longer hers, and in sight of the ocean which had swallowed up all her happiness. But yet another trial awaited her. The good old rector, weak and ailing, took to his bed after the Easter festival, which had exhausted his strength, and expired on the Feast of the Good Shepherd. His sister, Mlle. Louise, broken-hearted at the death of a brother whose house she had kept all her life, came after the funeral to take leave of Cecilia, as she was going to live with some relations at Vannes.

The last of poor Cecilia's friends was thus leaving the place, and she felt she could remain there no longer. She wrote to the builder of the unfortunate vessel, who answered kindly, expressing his sorrow and regrets, asking her, if she was leaving the house, to take away all the furniture she wished, and saying he would try to let it if he could. Cecilia wrote to one of her old schoolfellows to try and find her a humble lodging in the little town where she lived; when that was done, the poor young woman went to the church to pray by the tombs of those she loved; and then, packing up her necessary furniture, started with her child to settle in their new home and to try and earn her living as a dressmaker.

The days passed sadly and slowly. Cecilia found that in spite of her hard work and natural talent she would be able to gain very little in that town. Her previous work had been principally among peasants, and she did not know the Paris fashions or how to make smart ball dresses. She learned quickly, however, but had very few orders, and soon foresaw that she should never earn enough to pay her rent and feed herself and her child. The good Sisters who had brought her up took little Anna into their classes without charge; but even that was a matter of suffering to Cecilia and a real humiliation. Only by prayer and submission to God's will could she bear her life; but the goodness and fervour of her little child were real consolations.

When the anniversary of her husband's death came round, Cecilia had Masses said for him and her brother-in-law. But work had been slack, and she was miserable lest her child should suffer hunger as well as herself. It was towards the end of April and the day had been dark and gloomy. About five o'clock little Anna came from the Sisters' school and went to kiss her mother, whom she found unusually sad and suffering. Anna began to tell her how she had taken a good place in her class; but at last exclaimed: "O mamma! do give me a bit of bread and butter. I am so hungry!"

To her dismay, her mother burst into tears and exclaimed: "Bread and butter, my child? Alas! there is none left—nor a penny to buy any: and I would rather die than beg!"

Thoroughly frightened, little Anna slipped away and knelt down by a low open window, opening on the

street, and began praying with all her heart for help. How touching those words sounded in the little childish voice: "My Jesus! Thou who lovest good children, I promise to be very very good if Thou wilt only help my poor dear little mother and not let her die of hunger!"

As she said these words out loud, the door of the room softly opened and admitted a man in workman's dress, who said to her: "My child, you seem to have some sorrow, and as I passed I heard you praying for help. What is the matter? Where is your mother?"

"She is there, next door," replied the child: "but she is suffering!"

"What is your name?" continued the man.

"Anna Kerlo," was the answer in a frightened voice.

The man started violently and drew the little girl into the window to look at her closer, while his hands trembled on her shoulders.

"Is your mother's name Cecilia?" he continued.

"Yes, Cecilia Kerlo."

"And your father? where is he?"

"Oh, dear papa is dead, while he was fishing in a big white boat."

The man took the child's hand and went into the next room. He stopped on the threshold, and saw in the half light a shadow in an old arm-chair. He could not stifle a sob, and called tenderly "Cecilia!"

The poor woman raised her head and opened her haggard eyes in amazement. Then spreading wide her arms, she murmured: "John!" and fainted away on the breast of her husband, the ship-wrecked mariner of the *St. Anne d'Auray!*

It is needless to say with what tenderness he cared for her, telling Anna to fetch some water, with which he bathed her temples, and then, having some spirits left in his flask, moistened her lips with it, conjuring her to speak and to look at him once more. After a time she recovered, and, faintly smiling, returned his embraces. Then little Anna crept on to his knee to be petted and kissed. She could scarcely recollect him, but she knew how fervently she had cried and prayed for him.

"Our Lord has heard the prayers of our child!" exclaimed John Kerlo. "I had not an idea where to find you, when I passed under the window and heard her praying for help, with such simple confidence in God. I was told you had left our old home and had come here; but no one seemed to know your exact address. Let us thank God!" he continued, reverently lifting his hat. "And now, Cecilia, you must make yourself quite happy, for I am come back and your misery is at an end."

Then he eagerly asked for news of his mother, and Cecilia told him of their joint sorrow and of the death of their good rector. But he felt she was too weak to talk any more; and when she was compelled to tell him of their distress, and that there was literally nothing to eat in the house, he flew out to get the necessary things and returned laden with provisions, with which they could all three make a good and hearty meal. Then drawing his wife and child close to him, he gave them the account of his terrible adventures since their sad separation.

The voyage to America had been most successful. John joined a company of fishermen there and, although

the work was hard, the results were most satisfactory, and he thought with joy how easily he would be able to pay off the mortgage on his house and become possessor of his boat. His companions, when the fishing season was over, started in their respective vessels for home; but he had been delayed a few days longer and was advised to take a rather different course. At last they sailed; but the night of their departure was very dark and thick and towards morning the fog became like a wall and nothing could be seen. Matthew was steering; he, as captain, was watching, and his men were gathered round the mast. All of a sudden, a fog signal was heard, and a bright light appeared only a few yards off through the dense fog. "My God!" exclaimed Matthew. Then came a fearful shock. The poor little fishing vessel, run into by a large sailing ship, was literally cut in two, and went to the bottom in less than five minutes.

John and his brother, thus dashed into the sea, seized a raft and strove to swim. The sailing vessel lowered a boat to try and save some of the crew; but Matthew sank and John alone was rescued. He was taken on board the American vessel *Strenuous*, which was bound for New York, where every kindness was shown to him; but he fell ill of sorrow and despair. His boat gone, his brother and his crew drowned, and his cargo lost, his ruin was complete; and he had nothing left but a few gold pieces sewn in his leathern girdle. Then the thought of his beloved wife and child and his old mother, whom he was so longing to go back to, redoubled his agony. They would all starve owing to his having persisted in this mad scheme. He thought to

himself that he had better not let them know he had been saved, as then they would not have to pay the mortgage due. Besides that, he felt so ill that he thought death was inevitable a little later. There was no one on board who could console him or speak French, and he knew neither English nor Spanish, of which nations the crew consisted.

However, there was a rich merchant on board who became deeply interested in John, and who managed to make him understand that when they got to New York he would look after him. He did more; for he took him to his own house, and finding him a capable and good workman took him into his employ, and gave him good wages. Hope began to revive in his heart; but he still thought he would not let his wife know of his rescue till he had earned enough to redeem his home. So he laboured on, rigidly economizing every farthing, and in his leisure moments making nets, which he sold at a good price, carefully putting the money thus gained aside with the rest. His employer was very kind to him and often made him presents. In addition to that, through his influence with the shipowners, he obtained for John a certain amount of compensation for the fishing-smack which had been run down. Over and over again the good merchant tried to persuade him to send for his wife and child and settle in New York. But John's heart was in his Breton home, and no sooner had he made up the required sum than he decided to return, to the great regret of his benefactor, for whom he felt he never could sufficiently express his gratitude.

"I arrived at Havre last week," he continued, "and before going home determined to go to Lorient to pay

for the boat and arrange everything connected with our house. This I did most satisfactorily, and felt enchanted at being out of debt and difficulties. To-morrow or next day we will go back to our dear old home, Cecilia, and resume our old happy life. It was at Lorient that I first heard you had left it and had come here; but they could not tell me where you were living, which only you, my little Anna, enabled me to find out."

It is easy to understand Cecilia's heartfelt joy and happiness. She exclaimed: "We must go by-and-by on a little pilgrimage and thank St. Anne d'Auray!"

"O yes," replied her child. "We must take her a great big candle in thanksgiving. O, you don't know how I have prayed to her to bring you back, dear father! something seemed to tell me that I should see you again and that you had not been drowned in that terrible sea!"

At the foot of the crucifix the reunited husband and wife thanked God from their hearts for His great mercy, and the next morning offered a Mass of thanksgiving in the parish church. Their return home was a matter of general rejoicing in the little hamlet and the people christened John the "Newfoundlander" ever after.

The fisherman's house was restored and almost rebuilt; and Cecilia gave birth the following year to a little boy, whom she named Yvo. "He must be a sailor too and a fisherman!" exclaimed his father, who had resumed his old work with fresh energy. In due course little Anna made her First Communion with fervent piety, and John continually said that it was to the prayers of their little child that he and his wife owed their present happiness.

A HUNTER'S ADVENTURE.

At the entrance of a gorge in the Swiss Oberland, near the little hamlet of Kesslar there is a charming little modern Gothic chapel, with a German inscription which means: "To Our Lady of the Perilous Leap." This strange name was given to it in memory of an event which is still fresh in the recollection of the inhabitants.

On the 28th of May, 1866, at three o'clock in the morning, two men began the ascent of one of the highest mountains in the Oberland. It is a wonderfully beautiful country, with rushing cascades, lovely green valleys between the mountain peaks, shining glaciers, heavy snowdrifts, and now and then avalanches, which produce serious catastrophes. Here is the home of the chamois, and the hunter loves both the sport and the land where, in spite of its perils, such real enjoyment is found.

Of the two men who had now undertaken the perilous ascent, one was a young Breton gentleman, Léonce de Marcy, whom love of the chase had brought into Switzerland during his holidays; the other was a peasant from Kesslar, who was acting as his guide. Léonce was a young man of the highest qualities, and as pious as

he was brave. He had served under Lamoricière in the little army of Zouaves which had been organized in Italy to defend the Pope; and after the victory of Castelfidardo he had spent his spare time in hunting, either in the Pyrenees or in the Alps, only waiting for a fresh opportunity to return to his military service on behalf of Pius IX. The other man was simply a mountaineer whom Léonce had engaged for the day, on account of the illness of a well-known guide whom he generally employed.

Léonce's mother knew but too well the dangerous nature of the chamois hunting in which her son delighted; when he did not return at the expected time she was miserable, and could dream of nothing but glaciers and precipices. Her only consolation was to go to church daily and recommend her son to our Lady's care. She knew that Léonce wore her medal and scapular; and that, not to please her only, but from the earnest, manly faith which had been his earliest characteristic; for he had the strong religious instinct of all the Breton race, and would have died, if needful, rather than abjure his creed.

On this occasion Léonce and his guide were slowly climbing one mountain peak after the other, looking in vain for the chamois, who had gone still higher. The track was difficult and perilous, at times being so narrow that even a footing was almost impossible. But Léonce was young and vigorous and thoroughly used to these precipitous passes. His guide sometimes preceded and sometimes followed him. Several times Léonce tried to make him talk, but he would only answer in mono-

syllables. At last he gave it up, and, humming a tune, he thought he would say his Rosary by way of passing the time, as he had often done when under arms.

If the guide was silent, it was not for want of evil thoughts. "This young fellow is rich," he said to himself. "When he engaged me he took out his purse and I saw he had a lot of money in it. If I could only get that, I could buy my little house and the bit of ground alongside. Who would ever know anything about it? Why should not he fall over a precipice as so many others have done? I would leave him part of his money, so that no suspicion should fall upon me: and if it should be necessary to finish him off . . . well! . . ."

It was then eight o'clock in the morning and Léonce had just finished his last "Ave." They had arrived at the top of a rock which surmounted an abyss, at the foot of which was a furious torrent, ending in a cascade. The scenery was grand, and Léonce stooped over the abyss to look at it more closely. Then a kind of cloud came over the eyes of the guide; he pretended to look over the precipice also, but suddenly rose and with a violent push launched Léonce into space. "Blessed Virgin! help me!" he cried as he fell, bounding from rock to rock.

The fall was terrible, and it seemed as if Léonce must have been dashed to atoms. But when his body reached the edge of the torrent, there was space enough for a man to lie down, and there he remained, at first quite unconscious from the violence of the shock. By degrees, however, he recovered his senses and found that, except for certain heavy bruises, he was not seriously

hurt, and that all his limbs were uninjured. Very soon every event came back to his mind; his looking over the precipice, the treachery of his guide, and his invocation to our Lady. He felt that he had been saved by a miracle, and throwing himself on his knees he thanked Mary with tears for having helped him.

When Léonce rose, he perceived that his gun had fallen in a bush by his side, and was not injured. Although still rather giddy, he thought he would look for a way of escape from his present position, and perceived that between two rocks there was a path, which he felt must lead to a lower level where he would be in safety. He was preparing to follow it, and had shouldered his gun, when he suddenly saw his treacherous guide standing aghast in the path. On perceiving the man he thought he had killed, safe and armed, his stupefaction was not less than his terror; and rapidly turning behind the rocks, he fled for his life. He never came back to Kesslar or its neighbourhood, and no one ever heard of him again.

As for Léonce, he found his way home, and at once determined to build a little church as an act of thanksgiving for his wonderful escape; and the result was the very pretty building mentioned at the beginning of this true story.

THE STORY OF A CONVERSION.

A LITTLE pamphlet which I came across the other day began its history of a conversion by quoting a Protestant hymn beginning "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform": and in truth nothing is more strange and more mysterious than the way the grace of God acts upon men's minds, even upon those who are the most opposed from education and their surroundings to the Catholic Faith. Only the other day, a young soldier who was dying called out in his delirium for a priest and for a Mass, when none of his family had ever dreamt of such a desire; and this fact brought about the conversion of his mother. Again, a few years ago in Rome, the agony of mind of a poor lady, who had long resisted grace, and went on exclaiming: "Too late! Too late!" during her few remaining hours, so impressed her only son, that no sooner was the funeral over than he hastened to put himself under instruction, and became a most fervent Catholic. On another occasion, a Catholic lady staying in a country house made some remark at a dinner-party on a flower which was on the table and which is used in the West Indies at expositions of the Blessed Sacra-

ment. She was returning to London the next day, and at the railway station she met one of the guests of the previous evening, who had come to the station on purpose to ask her the meaning of her words and to beg for a further explanation. The result, after some weeks of study, was a thorough conversion.

God alone thus converts human souls. Controversy may be very useful and very necessary in certain cases; but only divine grace can draw a soul from the night of error into the cloudless daylight of the Catholic Faith. How constant then should be our prayers for those outside the Fold! How careful should we be of our words, that God may bless them and make use of them to further His merciful designs!

The following interesting story was lately told me by a Jesuit Father in Glasgow. As every one knows, there are large mills and factories in that town, where multitudes of girls work, many of them being Irish and Catholic. One of these girls took a great fancy to a very attractive young Protestant, who was employed in the same corner of the warehouse as herself, and used often to talk to her on questions of religion. On a certain Saturday evening she tried to persuade her friend to go with her the next morning to the Catholic Church. Maggie (the Protestant girl) said laughing: "Let us draw lots for it!" Maggie drew the Catholic Church and went with her friend; but she naturally could not understand much of the service. There was something, however, in the reverence and devotion of the congregation and the mysterious sanctity they attached to the Tabernacle, which attracted her, in spite of herself.

On the following Wednesday, when their work was over, her Catholic friend persuaded her to go again with her to an evening service at eight o'clock; and they found there a zealous young priest, giving a kind of catechetical instruction to his people on the principal doctrines of the Catholic Church. This interested Maggie immensely, and she was equally delighted with the Benediction service which followed and which she had never seen before. She returned to the church again and again; and finally took courage to go to the priest for instruction, and was duly received into the Catholic Church.

At first Maggie said nothing to her family, but by degrees it came out, and a terrible storm followed, even amounting to personal violence. However, she persevered through it all, while her mother was both touched and impressed by the patient and loving way with which she met their reproaches and ill-usage.

Soon after, her mother fell dangerously ill, and they would not allow Maggie to go near her; but she threw herself on her knees and prayed as she had never done before that the grace of faith might be given to her mother. All of a sudden she seemed to hear a voice saying to her: "Go and fetch the priest, and bring him to your mother, that she may become a Catholic before she dies." She sprang up from the adjoining room, and, by waiting for a few moments, managed to escape from the woman who was watching by her mother's bedside and had gone to get something for her, seized her shoes, which were in her mother's room, and rushed off for the good Jesuit Father.

Providence favoured Maggie; she found him in the school, which was a mile nearer than the presbytery. He told her he would come and bring the Blessed Sacrament with him; but that he must go to another sick call first. She waited patiently, and at last carried him off to her home. When they arrived, however, they found the room of the dying woman filled with bitter Protestant relations, who were furious at the entrance of a priest, and positively refused to move; but the sick woman welcomed him gladly and begged him to sit down. The Father then appealed to the husband and asked him if he did not wish to give comfort to his wife, and if he were not master in his own house; and on his eagerly answering "Yes," bade him dismiss the unwelcome visitors; this he instantly did, and, going out himself, shut the door.

The look of joy on the poor woman's face told its own tale. The priest found that she had long been wishing to follow her daughter's example, and that she was quite prepared and most anxious to be received into the Church. Accordingly he baptized her, heard her confession, and gave her the last Sacraments.

When everything was over, the indignant Protestants burst in to find the sick woman perfectly composed and happy, only begging them to leave her in peace. She died soon after in Maggie's arms, thanking her again and again for the consolation she had obtained for her.

But Maggie was permitted to have a still greater reward for her fidelity to God's grace. One day, some years after, her father came to her and said: "Maggie! you saved your mother's soul at the last, and you must

do the same for me." With great joy Maggie again sought the faithful priest, and her father came like a little child to be instructed and was finally received into the Church. It seemed as if he had had a warning that his life would not be prolonged; for very soon after he was seized with a mortal illness and died a most holy and happy death.

Maggie was then left alone; but she had won the affection of a very good and earnest Catholic, and after her marriage continued her apostleship among her friends and companions, so that the old Jesuit Father frequently applied to her to help him in difficult cases. One in particular he mentioned to me—that of a young fellow who had come into the Church a year or two before, and had been laughed out of it by his companions. Maggie, without any attempt at preaching to or lecturing him, won his confidence, and when he was taken ill he sent for her at once. A priest was found who heard his confession, and, through Maggie's encouragement, when he recovered he made a public profession of his faith in the presence of witnesses, and persevered in it to the end of his life.

A VILLAGE PAINTER.

NOTHING is more edifying in the Tyrol and in the Catholic cantons of Switzerland than the strong religious feeling of the peasants or of what we call in England the "farm labourers." I remember once going on an expedition to visit the country so-called of the "Dolomites" in the Austrian Tyrol, and in every hamlet there was a village church, with seats quite beautifully carved and everything about the altar equally cared for and adorned. On questioning the priests, I found that all this work was done by the peasants themselves, who give their services for the love of God. The story of a poor village painter named Roosaer, who was devoted to the Blessed Virgin, is so typical of this religious feeling that I am tempted to insert it here.

Roosaer was not a great genius, or one whose pictures would be acknowledged as masterpieces of artistic skill. But there was something wonderfully attractive in all he did. No artist could better represent the purity of virgins or the smiles of angels; and in their attitudes and expression there was such a holy atmosphere that people could not take their eyes away from his pictures and many declared that they inspired them with more devotion than anything else. No master had taught this poor peasant, who always asserted that he owed

his talent to his beloved Mother Mary, and that he never began a drawing without earnest prayers to her for aid. Whenever he heard of a new chapel being built or freshly decorated in the neighbourhood, he hastened to offer his help, and he never would accept payment for anything done for her honour and glory.

His daughter, Marianne, entirely shared in her holy father's disinterested views. Of a bright and joyous disposition, she had kept his house ever since her mother's death; and trusting, like a little bird, in the care of Providence, never troubled her head about money matters, although many people used to speak to her of her father's talent and begged her to induce him to make it a source of greater profit. But she would reply that they had never needed daily bread, that both of them were very happy and contented, and that they had no wish to change their position.

One day changes were made in their own parish church, and Roosaer instantly offered to paint a fresh picture of Our Lady for the new aisle, which the priest gladly accepted. He had prayed incessantly during his work, which was really a masterpiece, when a terrible accident happened to him, on which occasion he was only saved from death by the intervention of her whom he had so fervently and constantly invoked.

He was mounted on a somewhat fragile scaffolding about eighty feet above the ground, and had surrounded the figure of our Blessed Lady with pious praises of her in fresco, of which he had just finished the last word. Having given the last touches to his work, he drew back a little on the plank where he was standing to judge

better of the effect of it; and either because this movement had destroyed the equilibrium of the scaffolding, or the rubbing of the wood had worn the hemp cord, the joist which bore the plank became detached from the wall, and the wood fell to the ground with a tremendous noise.

Roosaer's palette escaped from his hand, but he was able to seize a bit of the rope to which he held with the tenacity of despair. There he hung in mid-air, and as he had begged to work in complete solitude, for fear of distractions, there was no one in the church. His first thought was to commend his life to God and to the Blessed Virgin, and with this prayer he felt his confidence returning. The ladder which had enabled him to mount the scaffolding was leaning against the opposite wall, and there was no possibility of reaching it. If he had only been near one of the columns he could have rested his feet against it; but he was in the middle of the arch, and the apse was more than a fathom above him. His only chance of life was, therefore, to hold on by the rope till some one came to rescue him. Luckily he did not realize the weakness of a man's arms and his faith filled him with confidence. He reflected that he had only fallen into this danger from his zeal for the honour of our Lady, and that no one had ever invoked her in vain.

Still, when one or two minutes had elapsed, the poor painter felt it would be impossible for him to survive much longer. The blood rose to his head, his feet were as heavy as if weighted with lead, and tingled to that degree that he could scarcely bear them. His hands could

with difficulty hold on to the rope, and he felt every moment as if he must drop it. Then there was a confused noise of human voices, but Roosaer was no longer in a state to recognize them. A cold sweat came over him and he could scarcely breathe. Then it seemed to him as if the hideous demon he had painted was staring at him and had determined to revenge himself for the insult; and that he had summoned other devils to carry out his purpose. He did not hear the loving words of his friends below, or their cry of: "Courage, brother! hold on only one minute more!" At last, his hands gave way and the rope escaped, but he was already half dead, and neither felt his fall nor realized what had happened, He lifted his eyes once and, in spite of his delirium, saw the picture of our Lady, who seemed to be opening her arms and bearing him up, while she smiled upon him with tenderness and love.

The night was almost over and Roosaer, in a high fever, was hovering between life and death. Marianne, kneeling by her father's bedside, was praying with her whole heart. She had never left him since he was brought home in this unconscious state, and by her swollen eyelids and red eyes it was evident that she had been crying all night. At last, towards morning, the heavy weight which oppressed Roosaer seemed, by degrees, to diminish. The pressure of blood on his head lessened. He began to recover consciousness, though by slow degrees, and could relieve his chest by heavy sighs.

"Dearest father," exclaimed Marianne, "can you hear me? I am your child. Will you not look at me?"

The poor fellow dreaded to open his eyes for fear of

some fresh illusion. But reassured by his daughter's soft voice he murmured: "Where am I?"

"In your own house, dear father. Do not be afraid."

"Really?" he exclaimed, raising himself on his pillow, and then, looking at his arms and legs and moving them gently, he continued: "How is it that I am not shattered to pieces? O Marianne! if you knew what a horrible dream I have had!"

"It was not a dream, dear father, but a terrible reality. Thank God, however, that you were saved. Our Blessed Lady had pity upon you and did not wish me to become an orphan. She managed so well that help came in time, and now I hope you are soon going to be as strong as before."

"O my child, kneel down and thank her! On your knees, near me!"

"Yes, father, and as soon as you have quite recovered your strength we will go on a pilgrimage which I have already promised her."

But to the amazement of his daughter, Roosaer sprang out of bed and exclaimed: "Let us go at once, my child! Except that my arms are rather strained I have nothing the matter with me, and she has worked a miracle in answer to my prayers."

It is needless to say how the devotion of both father and child was strengthened by this most wonderful escape; and how it was spoken of far and wide as a reward for the faith and love of the peasant artist. May his example kindle in our own hearts feelings of confidence in our Lady's intercession and a stronger determination to love and honour the Mother of God.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

Do any of my readers think enough of the arduous toil of a parish priest in a large and scattered district, or of the patience and charity which are needed to deal with men who have been led away by evil companions and taught to hate and revile both the Faith and the priest who strives to bring back to them a recollection of the teaching of their childhood? Often when he has painfully gathered together a certain number of souls faithful to the Good Shepherd, and when he is hoping to make his parish a model one and his church a great attraction, some unexpected event happens: a new railway is being brought into the district; or some fresh waterworks have been started; or a new building is begun, and instantly there is a flood of "navvies" or strange workmen, with no faith and no religious feeling, who invade the whole place, are given to drinking and gambling, corrupt the younger men and women, and destroy in a few weeks what has been the labour of years of toil and prayer for the poor priest. Yet even then he does not lose heart; but labours all the more to bring back the erring sheep and coax them once more into the fold. A story I heard the other day will illustrate my meaning.

A venerable old priest, the whole of whose life had been spent in striving to save souls, was one day walking along the high road reading his office, on his way to a sick call, when he met the good doctor of the place, who was a great friend of his and an excellent Catholic.

"Where are you going, my dear Father?" he exclaimed.

"To see poor old Monica," he replied, "whom they tell me is very near her end. But you, where have you been in your dog-cart?"

"I am on my way home," the doctor answered, "and quite dead beat. I have been to see one of those new miners who have lately come into the district. This man has been badly wounded while at his work. He may recover the use of his arm, but he will have to wait some weeks, poor fellow, before he can work again. The right hand is quite smashed and I doubt if he will ever get back the full use of his fingers. Well, my dear Father, hardly had I explained to him that he must keep on the bandages for a month at least, and move the arm as little as possible, than he began to swear and blaspheme like a pagan. As if that would help him, fool that he is, or give him any consolation! His wife seems a good sort of woman, but is evidently in terror of her brute of a husband. There are a lot of poor little children, badly clothed and apparently without any education. It is really a family of savages. What a misfortune it is that men of that sort are come to work here! I am afraid they will do a lot of harm in the place."

"Where do they live?" asked the priest.

"Near the pits. They are in one of those plank sheds which have been run up for the men like wretched barracks. It would be very good of you if you would, in your charity, go and look up this miserable family. But I am almost afraid you will not be well received."

"Thanks, doctor," replied the old Father. "I will see what I can do. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my dear old friend," answered the doctor: "and please say a little prayer for me, who have so little time to think of my poor soul. Adieu!"

The priest walked on to his sick parishioner, thinking sadly enough, on the way, of the wounded man of whom the doctor had spoken. There was certainly a great deal to be done in such a case, but it was not at all easy. He could not help murmuring half aloud to himself: "Those poor workmen, how they are spoiled and ruined! As young fellows they have probably been well brought up; but then they have joined a lot of men who have taken away from them the most precious of all gifts, faith, confidence in God, resignation, acceptance of His will! And what has been given them in return? Bad habits, drinking, ruin, damnation! They make brutes of them, human machines, degrading not only themselves but their wives and children, till they sink lower and lower in the social scale and take to crime to live!"

Thinking these sad thoughts, he arrived at the cottage of his sick parishioner, and having comforted and cheered her in her dying bed he proceeded on his way to the pits where the new workmen were congregated.

Among his own flock he had some excellent labourers;

in fact, the majority were good; but these strangers, only lately arrived, and corrupted in a big town beforehand, what was to be done with them? Prayer was the priest's only resource, and fervent were his petitions for help and guidance. He felt that, at first, nothing must be said of religion; only temporal charity and sympathy could be given, which might lead the way to better things hereafter.

By the time he had arrived at the wretched cabins which had been run up for them, he had made up his mind what to do, and knocked at the door where he had been told the sick man lay. A pale, thin, young woman opened the door, badly dressed and carrying a miserable baby. At the sight of the priest, her face bore the saddest look possible, and tears filled her eyes.

"You are come to see my poor husband?" she said in a low voice.

"Yes," replied the Father. "I heard he had had a bad accident and I came to see and comfort him."

The poor woman, who was a Catholic, hesitated, still holding the door in her hand. "But, sir," she said at last, "my husband has taken a dislike to priests, and I am so afraid he may not receive you properly and that he may say something rude or disagreeable!"

"My poor child," said the Father tenderly, "do not be anxious or unhappy. You will see that we shall soon understand each other," and so speaking he pushed open the door and went in.

On a miserable mattress he found a man of about forty years of age. A thick black beard, of that peculiar colour which one often sees in coal-heavers, made him

more hideous than he was by nature, and suffering and poverty had added to his miserable appearance. He was groaning in his trouble, and the thought that for a whole month he would not be able to work drove him almost to despair. Without earning anything how were they to live? His poor wife with four little children had enough to do, and could not go out to work. And he was in a strange place where they knew no one; what was to become of them?

Whilst these thoughts were passing through his mind, a kind, soft voice said to him: "How are you, my poor fellow?"

The sick man looked up and saw to his astonishment that the speaker was a priest. Everything he had been told against the clergy by his companions came back to him; so that he made no answer and only cast a look of dislike and defiance at him.

The Father, however, was not discouraged and went on gently: "I heard just now that you had been badly hurt and that you would be for some time without being able to work; so I thought I would come and see what I could do to help and console you. Here is a pound which will enable your poor wife to get some food for you and the children, and for the remedies ordered by the doctor. I will come back again to-morrow or next day and see how you are going on. Take courage and be of good heart; don't let yourself be so cast down. Everything will come right by-and-by. You will get well after a little time and be able to work as well as ever. But you must be careful and prudent and follow the doctor's advice."

Having said these few words he wished him good-bye, promising to return the next day, and made a step towards the door. But the sick man lifted himself up and said: "Sir, you do not know anything about me, and yet you come here to see me and give me a pound! Why, I never saw you before in my life!"

"I know," replied the good priest. "But, my poor fellow, you have had a nasty accident and must be looked after and helped, for I know well how you must worry yourself thinking of your wife and children, and being unable to work or do anything to earn money just now. But have confidence in God, who will cure you and give you back your hand to hold your tools as before."

The poor fellow's eyes filled with tears and he exclaimed: "Ah, those rascals I have been living with filled my mind with all sorts of lies about priests, how they only wanted to get money out of one and to frighten us by talking of hell and damnation. All these men know of my accident and that I haven't a farthing, for we all got drunk the other day and they made me pay for it. They know that I have a delicate wife and four little ones; but not one of them has come to see me or to offer to do the least thing for me. Yes, I see they will all give me up, now that I can no longer treat them or be of use to them. Ah, you don't know what good you have done in coming to see me, poor abandoned fellow that I am! They deceived me with fine words and promises and made me believe all their lies and calumnies. What a fool I have been! and I wouldn't listen to my poor wife when she tried to make me see the truth. Ah, Father, if all priests were like you!"

"There are many far better," replied the priest gravely. "All God's ministers are friends to those that suffer, from whatever cause. All long to save souls and hate everything evil which offends the divine goodness and mercy. Well! we shall know one another better soon. I shall hope to come to you to-morrow and every day till you get all right again." So saying he took his leave, and the poor wife, who was crying with thankfulness and joy, kissed his hand to express her gratitude.

The priest was as good as his word; daily did he visit the poor man and by degrees won his full confidence. He found that he had been brought up in a good Catholic school, but had fallen into bad company when he went to work, and by degrees had given up all practice of religion. Still he knew the truths of the Faith, and hearty was his remorse for the way he had neglected it for so long.

Some weeks passed and then the good priest, thoroughly satisfied with his contrition and his firm determination to lead a new life, had the consolation of bringing him the Blessed Sacrament, which he received with the utmost fervour.

Many such cases cross the path of every shepherd while toiling for his flock; and earnest should be our prayers that the stray and erring sheep may be rescued and saved before the night of death overtakes them.

THE ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY PRESS LIMITED.

THE RATIONALIST PROPAGANDA
AND HOW IT MUST BE MET

BY THE REV. JOHN GERARD, S.J.[1]

THAT in our modern world the Press is a power of the first importance is a truth so familiar as to seem a mere truism, and yet it is probable that not a few amongst us are very far from realizing how rapidly that power is extending itself, what vast proportions it is likely to assume, and what results its influence must entail. At the same time, no one who observes the signs of the times with any care can fail to perceive that the real education of the great mass of our people is now in the hands of those whose writings are disseminated by the Press, and especially by the cheap Press.

Paradoxical as at first sight it might appear, this is chiefly due to the spread of education, of which we hear so much, and concerning which so fierce a conflict has raged and promises still to rage for many a long day. It is, however, very noticeable that amidst all the controversies on the subject with which we are sadly familiar, the one topic, concerning which little or nothing is said, and which would seem to arouse but languid interest, is education itself, and the fruit which may be looked for when it shall have been properly administered to the youth of the country at large. It appears to be commonly assumed that if these be once "educated," as our improved schools are to educate them, all will be well, and a generation will infallibly grow up fully equipped to accomplish what is

[1] A Paper read at the Catholic Conference at Birmingham, Sept. 24–26, 1904.

held up as the highest object of mankind—the duties of citizenship. Would it not be far truer to say that, so far as anything of substantial value is concerned, any education we can give to our children does no more for their mental development than put into their hands the means of being educated, that is to say, of having their mind trained and cultivated, that thus they may furnish themselves with literary or scientific tastes deserving of the name, and become fit to play their part with their fellows in the work of life. But who will say that the schooling through which we put our young people, or any which we have any prospect of providing for them, can pretend to do anything of the kind? In bestowing upon them the power of reading, we do but hand them over to the influence of those who write—and how little prepared they are to discriminate for themselves between what is valuable and what is vile in the literature provided for them we have only too much evidence. What can be thought of the mental culture for the satisfaction of which has been created that mass of repulsive trash which loads our bookstalls, and seems to provide the only mental entertainment for the vast majority, at least of the travelling public—those "shots," and "snaps," and "cuts," and "bits," in which it is hard to say whether letters or art be more miserably degraded? It is terrible to think that the demand, to meet which this garbage is supplied, is that of the masses whom we boast of having "educated," for before the schoolmaster got abroad these things were unknown. It is a still more disquieting reflection that this is but an illustration on the surface of an evil that goes much deeper, and that it is not merely taste and culture which our education fails to impart, but those qualities of mind which enable their possessor to form sound judgements, to distinguish sophistry from argument, and rightly to appreciate not only his own knowledge, but likewise, which is no less important, his own ignorance. Can we flatter ourselves that the education we are giving our children shows even any promise of endowing them thus? Such is not the opinion of observers who have every opportunity of knowing the facts, and who can be suspected of no prejudices which might warp their judgement in an

adverse sense. Only the other day, for example, the late editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, discussing the political outlook in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*,[1] thus described the class whom our education has produced, and in whose hands political power almost wholly lies—

> People with just sufficient education to enable them to feel an interest in the events of the day, but with intelligences so untrained that the only means of reaching them is to make strident appeals to their emotions through the medium of platitude and claptrap,

and, although, as will be seen, I do not for my own part by any means endorse the latter part of this sweeping indictment, it is impossible to doubt that in regard of the thousands who annually finish their school course, education in any true sense of the word does then but begin, and it is a matter of supreme moment to secure that they shall take for their guides and instructors such as will rightly appreciate the responsibility which their task involves, and use it for no party or personal ends, not to enlist partizans, but to promote sound thinking and the spread of truth.

In no department is this more necessary, for in none is the danger of error greater, or its results more calamitous, than in regard of the rational basis of religion and morality, the ultimate philosophy of the universe in which we dwell, of our own place therein, and our relation to the Supreme Power from which all proceeds. Far more than any question of what is commonly called a "practical" character, the solution of these fundamental problems has ever occupied the human mind, with an imperious force which itself sufficiently declares how paramount is their importance for our true welfare; and if at the present day the researches of science exercise so strong a fascination over the minds of men, there can be no doubt that, more than anything else, this fascination is due to the hope so widely entertained, that by such means we shall be enabled to penetrate the veil which has hitherto bounded our vision, and to sound the mysteries which lie beyond. At the same time, it is equally

[1] W. J. Fisher, August, 1904.

certain that no field is more beset with pitfalls for the incautious and unwary, and there is none in which the untrained mind more easily becomes the victim of sophistry and specious fallacy. And now when, thanks to the Press, problems which have perplexed the gravest philosophers are thrust on the attention of all sorts and conditions of men, it is obviously of the first importance that some literature should be provided, and made accessible to all, which may at least help readers to learn how to think, to distinguish assertion from argument, and speculation from fact, making them realize the extremely narrow limits of what can be termed our knowledge, and the folly of imagining it to extend to that whereof we are in truth as profoundly ignorant as ever men were.

Unfortunately, however, the literature actually provided is almost wholly of a precisely opposite character. There is a certain class of mind which, having itself discarded all belief in aught beyond matter and sense, cannot rest content till others are persuaded to do the like, as if its own attitude would thus be justified—for there appears always to linger an uneasy consciousness that it needs justification. With what zeal and energy, worthy of a better cause, this attempt is being prosecuted, and how serious are the results many are probably unaware. To begin with the latter point, it has been most truly said by Dr. Barry, that "Secularism"—or the explanation of the world by itself alone—threatens to become the "form," or active principle, of modern society: that it is taking, or has actually taken, hold—of every class of the community—of working men and women, of journalism, of our higher literature; that belief in the supernatural, in any form, is waning—so that men in general no longer will believe in God, in their own souls, in revelation, in any life beyond the grave—and most especially in free-will, whence inevitably follows the repudiation of any responsibility for their actions.

It is of the strenuous endeavours made to propagate this creed of blank unbelief in all the above particulars, that I wish to speak, and to urge the pressing necessity we are under of taking practical measures to counteract their effect. I may confine my attention to one special

organization which has been formed avowedly for the sake of this propaganda—namely the Rationalist Press Association. This, according to its own account of itself, is a company formed not with the object of making money, its shareholders being willing to spend their own for the sake of the cause. As we read in its prospectus :—

> The Rationalist Press Association, Limited, is not a financial or commercial venture, but exists to promote what its members and supporters regard as the true moral and intellectual interests of humanity.

Its chief objects, we are further told, are—

> To stimulate freedom of thought and inquiry in reference to ethics, theology, philosophy, and kindred subjects.
>
> To promote a secular system of education, the main object of which shall be to cultivate in the young moral and intellectual fitness for social life.
>
> To publish and to distribute, either gratuitously or otherwise, books, pamphlets, and periodicals designed to assist in the spread of Rationalist principles, especially in their bearing on human conduct. Rationalism may be defined as the mental attitude which unreservedly accepts the supremacy of reason, and aims at establishing a system of philosophy and ethics verifiable by experience and independent of all arbitrary assumptions or authority.

The teachings by which such objects are to be effected may be judged by a few samples, which in each case I take textually from publications of the Association :—

> Belief in God and immortality scientific evidence has wholly disproved.[1]
>
> The question of the soul's immortality (is) the highest point of superstition.[2]
>
> The human will has no more freedom than that of the higher animals, from which it differs only in degree, not in kind.[3]
>
> The freedom of the will is not an object for critical scientific inquiry at all, for it is a pure dogma, based on an illusion, and has no real existence.[4]

From all this it necessarily follows, and the consequence is part of the doctrine thus proclaimed, that

[1] McCabe, *Haeckel's Critics Answered*, p. 118.
[2] Haeckel, *Riddle of the Universe*, p. 67.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 47.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 64.

man is not answerable for his actions except to his fellow-men ; that there is no moral law except their will, and that whatever the society in which we live consents to tolerate ceases to be sin, and becomes legitimate.[1] Thus, while, on the one hand, a man cannot help doing whatever he does—on the other, so long as his neighbour condones his deeds, he need pay no heed to any reproaches of conscience—which he is told to regard as a mere illusion—nor have any anxiety on the score of a reckoning to come, since for all men, good and bad alike—if these terms can still retain any significance—the only term in prospect is utter annihilation. The natural effect of such a system on the great majority of men is obvious—and undoubtedly there are those for whom nothing could be more welcome than the liberty which it professes to guarantee, so that they may freely follow their own inclinations, without a thought of anything else. As Mr. Edward Clodd exclaims[2] (who is one of the leading spirits of the Rationalist Press Association) : "What dead weight of care do morals thus regarded lift from the heart of man!"—such weight as pressed, for instance, on the heart of Hamlet.

> To die, to sleep ;
> To sleep : perchance to dream : ay there's the rub ;
> For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
> Must give us pause.

But now, the world is assured, we have changed all that ; and what consequences such change necessarily involves in our view of life and conduct is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that the late Mr. Grant Allen—whose name is in high honour with our propagandists—bitterly complained of the tyranny of the law against obscene publications as preventing us from saying "anything worth hearing."[3]

Whatever may be thought of the likelihood that such doctrines should "cultivate in the young moral and intellectual fitness for life"—social or other—there

[1] See Clodd's *Story of Creation*, p. 220.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 222. [3] *New Review*, March, 1890, p. 267.

can be no doubt that the apostles of this materialistic creed are adopting measures excellently adapted for their object. They are flooding the land, and especially the bookstalls, with works which profess to set forth the latest results of modern thought, and especially of modern science—in whose name we are bidden to renounce as exploded superstitions all the beliefs which have hitherto found acceptance amongst mankind. These works are bought and read by the hundred thousand, and there can be no doubt that the vast majority of their readers, overawed by the confident dogmatism of their tone, and the imposing magniloquence of their language, accept them at their own valuation, and imagine themselves to be listening to the most assured and indisputable conclusions of recent research, to truths so clearly established that they can be denied only by the prejudiced and bigoted, who deserve to be regarded with mingled pity and contempt. Such is not only the tone of mind which the publications I speak of are calculated to produce, but it is this which they have actually produced to an enormous extent, and will continue to spread more and more if something be not done to counteract their influence.

And here comes in the practical question—that for the sake of which I write—what can be done, and what are we going to do to remedy so grave an evil? The danger is one that threatens all classes of the community, and Catholics no less than others. As many of us must know from instances within our personal experience, writings like these I speak of have an almost irresistible fascination for the young, and, in too many instances, youths who have had a far more careful and thorough training, both secular and religious, than we can ever hope to give the bulk of our children, have made utter shipwreck of their faith at the very outset of life upon the shoals and quicksands of self-styled science. Our adversaries—by far the most dangerous with whom we have to reckon—have certainly grasped the character of the situation and been prompt to turn it to their own account. What we have to do is to take a leaf from their book, to come down on to their chosen ground, and meet them there; to do all in our

power to provide popular literature of such a stamp as will furnish a sound and solid course of elementary philosophy for the people, and one which people will read.

We need, in fact, a new school of writers, to meet the needs of the twentieth century; men not less thoughtful or learned than those of old, but who instead of folios will write sixpenny tracts, and will write not with an eye to the pundits of the schools, but to the man in the street. They must be thoroughly familiar with whatever subject they treat, so as nowise to misrepresent those with whom they are in conflict, and thoroughly to appreciate whatever there is of value in hostile arguments; they must be scrupulously fair to opponents; garble no quotations; eschew rhetoric, sarcasm, and, above all, abuse; be prepared to bring solid proof for whatever they advance; assume nothing which cultivated men of the world will not be obliged to admit, and thus demonstrate that theirs is the cause of reason itself, quite apart from any authority of Scripture or the Church. Their language withal must be thoroughly modern, and understanded of the people, so that he who runs—even on the rail—may read, and reading may comprehend.

This is doubtless, in the phrase of the day, rather "a large order," but the necessity for its supply is paramount and urgent, and the first requisite for obtaining such supply is thoroughly to realize how grave that necessity is.

The matter, indeed, is one which concerns not Catholics alone, nor Christians, nor even Theists, but all who believe that man is essentially different from the beasts of the field, and the earth he treads—that he is a free agent, who can choose between good and evil, between right and wrong, and who is responsible for the use he make of this his liberty.

But although this is so, and while we gratefully acknowledge the good work done in this direction by able writers outside the Church, the question touches us Catholics so nearly that it behoves us to put our shoulder to the wheel as though we had to depend solely on ourselves. In the first place, as has been said, the danger to members of the Church is great,

and is rapidly growing—and we cannot leave the preservation of their Faith to those who do not share it. And, moreover, is it not evident that the Catholic philosopher alone can venture to face such problems as are now in question in the manner they require to be faced? For he alone builds his faith in the plain teachings of reason concerning the eternal and immutable source whence all that is must be derived. The first page of his Catechism instructs a Catholic child in a fundamental philosophy, without which all systems, however ingenious, are but castles in the air, destitute of any solid basis upon which to rest. And accordingly we need never shrink from following truth—so long as it *is* truth—as far as it will lead us, being well assured that ultimately it will conduct us once again to the Great Supreme Verity—as every rivulet on the face of the earth leads us back to the ocean whence its waters have been drawn. As Cardinal Newman says of this great fundamental fact—the existence of God and His supreme dominion over Creation—"All true principles run over with it, all phenomena converge to it; it is truly the First and the Last."[1] With this principle Catholic doctrine is permeated through and through, as none other can be; and accordingly the Catholic philosopher knows his own mind and is undisturbed by additions to our knowledge which revolutionize the scientific conceptions of former ages; he is not even tempted to suppose that he must change or modify his creed according to the "Zeitgeist," or fashion of thought of the age in which he lives, as a chameleon alters its hue according to each new situation; being well assured that no extension of the narrow limits of natural knowledge can do aught but illustrate more and more the power and wisdom of the First Cause to whom Nature bears witness. And clearness of thought is the first requisite for such writing as we require.

And if we take a closer view of the task before us, given clearness of thought and sufficiency of knowledge, it is by no means so formidable as might be supposed. I have already intimated my disagreement

[1] *Scope and Nature of University Education.* Lecture I.

with the writer who spoke of the masses who have to be addressed as though they could not be reached by argument, but only by sophistry and claptrap. Though I do not believe that our educational system does much to train the minds that come under its influence, it undoubtedly prepares them for training, and does not extinguish their elementary common-sense. And if the truth be adequately put before them, I have no doubt that men will recognize its claims, and that in this struggle for existence it will prevail over error. It is not the substantial value of the writings propagated by the other side that makes them effective, but their having the field to themselves, and thus being able to pose as having a monopoly of reason. But if we scrutinize their claims we shall find nothing to justify any such pretensions.

Some few of the books published by the Rationalist Press Association deserve to rank as truly scientific—a conspicuous example being Darwin's *Origin of Species*. But in regard of such a work, we have to ask ourselves, how many of those who buy it on the bookstalls can be in any way competent to form an opinion of the slightest value upon the intricate mass of questions which it raises at every turn, and concerning which scientific experts are so largely in bewildering disaccord? Moreover, it is only those who have not troubled themselves to understand the whole scope of Darwin's argument who can pretend that his system has anything in common with the gospel of negation amongst whose champions he is thus reckoned. Whether scientifically the Darwinian theory be true or false, it has manifestly nothing whatever to do with the origin of the Universe,—of life,—or even of species themselves, which it assumes as already existing, undertaking to account only for their transmutation. No doubt it is commonly supposed that Darwin undertook to explain the world by natural forces alone, and to account for its origin without any Creator but itself—and therefore his famous book is added to the Rationalist armoury. It is quite certain, however, that he himself distinctly and repeatedly repudiated the idea of having done, or even attempted, anything of the kind, confessing his utter ignorance of the ultimate

cause to which the phenomena of Nature are due : and those who have studied his system for themselves cannot but know how just are his disclaimers. For, taking the world of Nature as a going concern, he does but attempt to explain facts as we find them existing, by the laws and forces which we find in operation. Here is a conspicuous instance to illustrate the need of a clear explanation as to the true scope and purport of a writer whose name is most on the lips of those who know least about him.

But in company with such works as the *Origin of Species* others are to be found as to the purport of which there can be no question, for they strenuously inculcate the gospel of materialism and atheism in all its particulars. If, however, the aim and object of their writers be obvious, their claim to be recognized as trustworthy authorities regarding the matters with which they deal will not endure scrutiny. Some of these authors, in fact some of the most zealous and prolific amongst them, who put themselves forward especially as the exponents of Modern Science, have no claim to be regarded as scientific men at all, and the more sweeping and dogmatic are their utterances, the less is usually their acquaintance with the subjects upon which they dogmatize. Yet by the mere force of self-assertion they are supposed by multitudes of readers to be authorities from whose judgement there is no appeal. Although real men of science would repudiate and ridicule any such estimate, there can, I think, be little question that they are themselves largely responsible for its prevalence. The authoritative leaders of the Evolutionist and Darwinist schools are usually quick enough to denounce any attack upon their favourite doctrine on the part of a declared adversary ; but they are strangely tolerant of the extravagances of professed allies, whose exaggerations and absurdities must surely be reckoned no less injurious to science than any hostile argument. The fact remains, however, that these things *are* largely tolerated by those who might be expected to protect science from ill-usage, and that it therefore remains for others to show how spurious and worthless is the currency which the public are asked to accept as coming from her mint.

But there remain certain writers in the Rationalist camp of whom it must be acknowledged that while their claim to rank even in the front rank of scientific men is indisputable, they speak in no uncertain tone on the anti-Christian and anti-Theistic side. But here we have to observe that even a great man of science may easily adventure beyond the limits within which special knowledge gives him a right to speak with special authority; that when he does so he can no longer claim to be treated as an expert; and that his name cannot then be quoted as guaranteeing the value of his conclusions. Yet clearly it is the assumption that a man great in any department of science must necessarily be competent to instruct his fellows in every branch of knowledge, that chiefly gives weight to those of its publications upon which the Rationalist Press Association most confidently relies. Such, for instance, are certain popular essays of the late Professor Huxley, who, as we all know, was the typical Agnostic, and who spoke his mind against the upholders of revealed and even of natural religion with a frankness and vigour leaving nothing to be desired. He was undoubtedly a first-rate scientific man, and in the field of biological research earned a commanding position which none can attempt to gainsay. But, in the opinion of so capable and friendly a critic as Sir William Thistelton-Dyer,[1] when Huxley left his proper province, he ceased to command any such authority, and the writings indicated as exhibiting his weakness are precisely those which the Rationalist Association selects for publication. In his popular papers and addresses, Sir William tells us, Huxley was far from displaying the same high qualities as in his purely scientific work; he was content to take much of his information at second-hand; even his science is not beyond suspicion; some of his most positive statements are far from being accepted scientific truths, sometimes, indeed, they are quite erroneous: his theological writings in particular exhibit similar defects, and it would be a mistake to take his theology too seriously. Finally, we are told, in spite of all his scientific convictions, life still remained for him a hopeless enigma.

[1] *Nature*, June 5, 1902, p. 121.

But of the thousands who read Professor Huxley's Agnostic utterances in their cheap reprint, how many have any idea that it is not to them he owes his scientific eminence, or do not suppose that they are bound to accept what he says in the sacred name of Science ?

An example still more worthy of attention is afforded by Professor Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe,* which of all the publications under consideration has probably achieved the widest notoriety and been most loudly trumpeted. Of this work 100,000 copies, we are told, have been issued in its cheap English form. It deals, we are assured, a death-blow to "superstition" in every shape, under the head of "superstition" being included every kind of religion. It has, moreover, undoubtedly to an enormous extent done the work it is meant to do, and persuaded numberless readers to renounce every vestige of religious belief. Professing to give the latest and most certain results of science, its admirers exultantly declare that it has not been answered because it is unanswerable. And here again there can be no question as to the truly scientific standing of its author. Within his own particular department—the Radiolaria, Calcareous Sponges, and other lower forms of life—Professor Haeckel is accepted by all as an expert of the first authority ; and, beyond these limits, he is familiar with all branches of zoology and palæontology. But as to his *Riddle of the Universe* and other recent publications, the case is altogether different. In these he writes not as a man of science—though the name of science is ever in his mouth—but as the prophet of a new faith, "Monism"—a curious cross between materialism and pantheism—in his enthusiasm for which he indulges in flights of imagination so extravagant that no competent scientific scholar can take his work seriously. It has been denounced as unscientific and mischievous by men so much in sympathy with his general aim as Carl Vogt, Virchow, and Du Bois-Reymond, to name no others, amongst his own countrymen, while in France M. de Quatrefages has declared that Haeckel must be placed in the first rank of those who have discredited the Darwinian system by their exaggerations, and by the objects to which they have wrested it. How unanimous in

scientific circles is the condemnation, may be seen in a pamphlet issued in Germany by Dr. Dennert, under the title, "The Truth Concerning Ernst Haeckel and his *Riddle of the Universe*," in which a mass of valuable evidence on the subject is exhibited. In fact, as Dennert points out, and as should be evident to any one who examines Haeckel's book, it bears on its very face its own condemnation—so far as scientific value is concerned. Of the 473 pages of which in its original form it consists, but seventy-four deal in any sense with scientific matters at all, the rest being devoted to philosophical and theological disquisitions, which have been pronounced utterly worthless by such writers as Harnack, Troeltsch, Paulsen, Adickes, Hönigswald, Bliedner, and many more. It is, moreover, very noticeable how, in regard of science, Haeckel alters his tone when addressing the uninstructed public who cannot be supposed capable of checking his statements, and when addressing scientific colleagues. In the former case he represents as established certainties what in the other he ventures to offer as speculation only. Moreover, in his popular lucubrations he relies largely upon abuse and sarcasm to supply the place of argument, and makes confident assertions with regard to matters of which he is proved to have no knowledge. A conspicuous example is furnished by a vile fable regarding the birth of our Blessed Lord, which originally appeared in the *Riddle* as a simple piece of history—but which has been so utterly demolished by Dr. Friedrich Loofs, in his *Anti-Haeckel*, that it is now quietly dropped.

That a book like this should be so assiduously boomed by the Rationalist propagandists sufficiently indicates how far pure zeal for scientific truth is the motive which inspires their efforts. That it should have secured so large a measure of success is plain evidence of the facility with which a half-educated public may be hoodwinked and cajoled, as also of the need there is of literature to set them right. As a recent scientific writer has declared regarding the famous *Riddle*:[1]—

> This book has already been completely exposed from end to end. Nevertheless it would be difficult to calculate its influence. The

[1] *The Academy and Literature*, April 16, 1904.

number of copies sold in this country is simply prodigious, and the book is steadily selling yet. It has come to be regarded in untutored quarters as the authoritative statement of the evolutionary philosophy. As a matter of fact, it is a compound of half-truths, fallacies, and absurdities which no one who cares a straw for the truth can do other than condemn and reprobate on all possible occasions.

One other point must be briefly noticed if we would properly realize the character of this sort of science and the mental attitude of those who find it convincing; I mean the unintelligible language employed, which cannot possibly serve as a vehicle for clear and definite ideas. Professor Haeckel, when writing "popularly," never uses a plain word from his own language, when he can help it, and freely manufactures rude compounds from the Greek at every turn, so that, as Vogt complained, one can follow him only with a Lexicon in hand. No doubt, in the case of those who are not accustomed to ask themselves what words mean, the effect is awe-inspiring, but what will be made by the mass of readers of a page bristling with such terms as these—"embryonic psychogeny," "cenogenetic change," "the statics of emotion," "psychoplasm," "cytopsyche," "caenopsyche," "histopsyche," "neuropsyche," "æsthesis," "tropesis," "pyknosis," "dysteleology," and so forth, and so forth? Yet this sort of jargon appears to be considered a necessary adjunct of that scientific teaching which is to regenerate the world. Another author in the service of the Rationalist Press Association—the Rev. Dennis Hird, Principal of Ruskin Hall, Oxford—has published what he calls "An *Easy* Account of Evolution," and gravely suggests that it should be read "with the aid of a dictionary," when it will not, he thinks, be found very difficult to comprehend. But is it not more probable that the unfortunate reader who has to flounder in this manner through an unknown and barbarous terminology ought to report of his supposed instructor as Casca did of Cicero?—

> CASSIUS. Did Cicero say anything?
> CASCA. Ay, he spoke Greek.
> CASSIUS. To what effect?
> CASCA. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you in the face again—— For mine own part, it was Greek to me.

What our writers have to do, therefore, is to present sound reasoning in the plainest and simplest language, and there can be no doubt that with fair-minded and earnest men truth is great and will prevail.

There remains, however, another point of the greatest importance, though fortunately it requires but few words to deal with.

It is not sufficient that wholesome and solid literature should be thus produced; it must also be brought home to those for whose benefit it is designed, and to this end the Catholic body in general must co-operate. It is not to be expected that popular literature of this kind will be commercially successful. It will not bring money in, but quite the contrary, at least as a general rule. It would manifestly be unreasonable and unjust to expect the writers who have toiled at the work of production to stand the expense of publication as well, which is the only course now open, except when the Catholic Truth Society can step in, as in the case we are considering it manifestly could not—for its name would be enough to repel the very class which it is most desirable to reach.

Here again we must take a leaf from the enemy's book. As we have seen, the zealots of unbelief are willing to put their hands in their pockets, and contribute their money with no other object than that of destroying faith. It is surely not too much to anticipate that, when they realize the situation, Catholics will be ready to do as much for its preservation. They will then take part in what, if the considerations I have urged have any weight, must be held as a true work of the Apostolate—one which the needs of our day imperatively demand.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, LONDON.

VEN. ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J.

POET, PRIEST, AND MARTYR

By GILBERTE TURNER

I. Boyhood.

In these days of religious toleration it is a good thing for us to remember what very different lives our Catholic forefathers lived, not in the dark ages, but in what some would have us regard as the Golden Age of Queen Elizabeth. There is no period of our history that has been painted for us in more brilliant colours. England was a "nest of singing birds"; men's minds had been opened and enlarged by the revival of letters; gallant sailors and soldiers were carrying the English flag and glorifying the English name wherever they went. True; but the shadows in the picture are very black; and these have been mostly left out, as Elizabeth desired they should be in her own portraits.

There were many men who were old-fashioned enough to cling to the Faith as it had been handed down to them from the Saints. It was a deadly crime; and for them there was neither justice nor mercy in the land. They were surrounded by a lax and free-thinking majority who had cut themselves off from all obedience to the law of God, except such as each man interpreted

it for himself; and governed by a Queen whose only law was caprice, but who never wavered in her hatred of the Church from which she had apostatized.

It has not infrequently been said that the "Reformation" was a revolt against the tyranny of Rome; no tyranny in the world's history has surpassed that to which Catholics were subjected for holding different opinions from the prevailing ones under Elizabeth. The penalty for not attending the Protestant service in the parish church was a fine of twelve pence for each person and each occasion; and these fines were rigorously levied on families whose whole fortune, as affirmed by the inquisitors themselves, consisted of forty shillings or less. When money failed they were imprisoned, some for as long as twenty-six years; and many men, and women too, went mad or died under the strain of relentless solitude in damp and filthy prisons.

Their own religion they could practise but in secret, for the most part without priests, and therefore without the support and aid of Holy Mass and the Sacraments. The few priests there were in the country were forced to a thousand disguises merely to exist at all. They were proscribed, hunted, spied upon, trapped and betrayed, often by those to whom they had ministered as members of their flock, but who were really in Cecil's pay.

Carrying their lives in their hands they fled from one hiding-place to another, never certain as they celebrated the Holy Mysteries that some among the worshippers would not let in the pursuivants always on their track. For themselves and for those who sheltered them their capture would mean imprisonment, protracted torture, and almost certain death; while those merely hearing Mass incurred a penalty of one hundred marks (£66 13s. 4d.). Such a sum often meant ruin when it could be paid at all, and failure to pay involved long terms of imprisonment.

Is it much wonder that men with their way to make in the world, and wives and children to provide for—men who in many cases had not seen a priest or had opportunity of hearing Mass for many years—should temporize, should, at least occasionally, bow the knee to Rimmon in the parish church?

Then, as always, "many possessions" made a man's right-doing the more difficult; and the nobles, squires, and landowners fell away from the Faith in the greater numbers. Losing it, they found nothing to take its place with them. Their children might become Protestants; they were and remained simply recusants, in many cases to make their peace with the Church before the end came.

One of these temporizing landowners was Richard Southwell, a Norfolk squire, whose father had been a great favourite with Henry VIII., and had accepted Church property from him. The son married Bridget Copley, a granddaughter in the female line of Sir William Shelley, from whom the poet Shelley was descended; and their second son Robert was a poet too. He was born in 1560 or 1561, at Horsham St. Faith, in Norfolk. His father seems to have compromised with a conscience not quite at ease; for while the eldest son was kept at home and bred a Protestant, the second was sent "very young" to Douai—a penal act in the eye of the law and one that made the boy an outlaw for life. No record of the early scholars at Douai is in existence, for its registers disappeared in the French Revolution; but we know that Robert Southwell studied there under the celebrated Leonard Lessius; and that he left it to go to Paris in his fifteenth year. There he came under the care of Father Thomas Darbyshire, himself a confessor for the Faith; for he had been Archdeacon of Essex, and had given up living and country for conscience' sake, and become a Jesuit, after

hesitating for a time between the Society and the Carthusians. It is a coincidence that his pupil, Robert Southwell, had the same predilection for the Carthusians, and debated the matter with himself during three months. His saintly guide left him free, telling him God would decide; and the choice once made, the boy had never another doubt. He was not quite seventeen when at Rome, on the vigil of St. Luke, which was St. Faith's day (old style), he was enrolled in the Society of Jesus. One likes to think that he chose the day in honour of the Saint of his birthplace.

At Tournai, where he made part of his novitiate, he distinguished himself by a burning zeal to become a worthy son of St. Ignatius. His standard of obedience was especially high. Much as he longed for opportunity for sacrifice and, if possible, martyrdom, he considered it unworthy of a Religious to ask his Superiors for any particular work; he should take any given to him and follow any lead but his own. Among the notes made by him during his novitiate one shows whither his thoughts constantly tended. "Think," he writes, "what is demanded of one thrown into prison by heretics, condemned to hunger and thirst, and to be tempted in all manner of ways."

In 1580 he took his first vows at Tournai; and was then sent back to Rome, and made Prefect of Studies at the English College there. It was not the place to damp his ardour for martyrdom. The College was full of young Englishmen like-minded with himself, alight with zeal for the reconciliation of their beloved country with the Holy See, and aflame with longing for their turn to begin the great work. And in this year, also, the Society accepted the Mission in England; and began to send over in twos and threes its devoted sons to the work they coveted as if it did not end in certain suffering and almost certain death. They went in no

misunderstanding as to their prospects. They had already outlawed themselves by going abroad for their education, as well as by becoming Jesuits, which was counted treason in itself. And there were spies to be found even amongst the students of the English College: so that their movements were as well known in London as at Rome. "There went abroad a report of our coming," writes Father Southwell, on his arrival, "and that from the mouth of some of the Queen's Council—my name was known to some of them."*

It was in 1586 that the General, Father Claudius Aquaviva, asking for recruits, Fathers Henry Garnet and Robert Southwell were nominated to the English Mission. Father Edmund Campion had already by this time suffered martyrdom on the scaffold, and of the four Jesuits remaining in England only one was at liberty; the others were in prison, which two would only leave for the scaffold in their turn. The immediate result upon Robert Southwell's mind of such reports as reached him before he went was to make him write among his other notes such questions as, "What would you do if your health were to fail and with it all hope of suffering for Christ and the glory of martyrdom?" Doubtless it was to brace himself against the possibility of disappointment.

II. English Mission.

It was with such ambitions and aspirations that in 1584 he had received the priesthood; and that two years later he returned to his native land to leave it no more but "through the grave and gate of death." Father Henry Garnet was appointed Superior for the journey; but both were to place themselves under Father William Weston on their arrival in England. Their first destination was the house of Lord Vaux of Harrowden, who had been reconciled to the Church by

Father Parsons. But in a very short time Father Southwell was sent to be the guide and consolation of Lady Arundel, whose husband—another of Father Parsons' illustrious converts—was doing weary penance in the Tower; and her house became his headquarters during the six years his short mission lasted. Lady Arundel was the worthy wife of her martyr-husband; and she lived a life of almost conventual strictness, devoting herself entirely to her children and the poor and sick during the years of her widowhood, which may be dated from 1585, when her husband was taken from her.

It was only with infinite pains and difficulty that she had succeeded in getting back from the Queen a small portion of the wealth that was hers by right, and which was confiscated when her husband was imprisoned. But she had always something for God's service, whatever she went without herself; and her benefactions were boundless. Her purse it was that supplied Father Southwell with the means for his many activities. In the comparative shelter of her house he felt the needs of his wandering, persecuted fellows weigh heavy on his heart; and, she providing the money, he rented a house where the harassed missioners could occasionally meet, and where he set up a printing-press for the circulation of tracts and brochures, proving himself an alert and energetic man of business—although a poet—with all an Englishman's inability to sit down tamely under a tyranny that doubtless forced him, as it had done his predecessors in the house, to disguise himself as groom of the chambers to Lady Arundel.

In the letters of a fellow-priest that have come down to us we catch fleeting glimpses of him. He is saying Mass and obliged to fly because the priest-hunters are at the door; or he is seeking information on sport—hunting and falconry—of which his foreign education

must have left him, as it did so many of his fellows, ignorant. It did not answer to be thus ignorant, for the fact raised suspicion in the minds of "Protestant gentlemen"; and to be able to talk of innocent sport was often a means of keeping conversation from drifting into ribaldry and blasphemy. Again, we hear that he is giving instructions to his priestly guests on the art of helping and gaining souls; for he "much excelled therein, being at once prudent, pious, meek, and exceedingly winning." Writing to Father Parsons himself, he says: "I give myself to preaching, hearing confessions, and other works proper to the Society compassed with daily dangers, and never for a moment in security; but my very difficulties are a source of courage, for alarms jostle one another so thick and fast that none can last long, and hence all are little thought of. My one endeavour is that the enemy find me not unprepared; the rest I leave to God." So that we are not surprised to find it also recorded of him, that through work and danger alike he kept himself always recollected and prayerful, and never lost his thirst for martyrdom. His charity knew no bounds. One of his first acts on his arrival in England was to seek out the aged mother of the martyred Father Parsons and supply her with money, food, and comforting letters, which at ninety years old, poor and alone, she must have sorely needed. And amidst his many occupations he did not forget his own family.

The letter he wrote to his father to awaken him to a sense of his duty to God runs into many folio pages, and is replete with filial devotion and priestly zeal clothed in most poetic diction. It does not surprise us that his highly appreciative Protestant biographer, Dr. Alexander Grosart, says of it that "even the noble letter of the late Bishop of Exeter [Phillpotts] to Lord Chancellor Eldon on his death-bed—the gem of the

Life of Eldon by Twiss—looks chill and meagre beside it." Father Southwell begins by excusing himself for taking it upon him to write to his father in such a way. He says: "I am not of so unnatural a kind, of so wild an education, or so unchristian a spirit, as not to remember the root out of which I branched, or to forget my secondary maker and author of my being." Becoming warmer, he exclaims: "Who hath more interest in the grape than he who planted the vine? Who more right to the crop than he who sowed the corn? or where can the child owe so great service as to him to whom he is indebted for his very life and being? With young Tobias I have travelled far, and brought home a freight of spiritual substance to enrich you, and medicinable receipts against your ghostly maladies; I have with Esau, after long toil in pursuing a long and painful chase, returned with the full prey you were wont to love, desiring thereby to ensure your blessing. I have, in this general famine of all true and Christian food, with Joseph prepared abundance of the bread of angels for the repast of your soul. And now my desire is that my drugs may cure you, my prey delight you, and my provisions feed you, by whom I have been cured, enlightened, and fed myself; that your courtesies may, in part, be countervailed and my duty, in some sort, performed. Despise not, good sire, the youth of your son, neither dream your God measureth His endowments by number of years."

Farther on he reminds him that: "The full of your springtide is now fallen, and the stream of your life waneth to a low ebb; your tired bark beginneth to leak, and grateth oft upon the gravel of the grave"; and that, "your strength languisheth, your senses become impaired, and your body droopeth, and on every side the ruinous cottage of your faint and feeble flesh threateneth a fall."

And then going straight to the point, he exclaims: "O, dear sire, remember that the Scripture terms it a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, who is able to crush the proud spirit of the obstinate and to make His enemies the footstool of His feet. Wrestle no longer against the struggles of your own conscience and the forcible admonitions that God doth send you. Embrace His mercy before the time of rigour, and return to His Church, lest He debar you the portals of His Kingdom. He cannot have God for his Father that refuseth the Catholic Church for his Mother; neither can he attain to the Church Triumphant who is not a member of the Church Militant on earth." And arguing that his father would certainly have attended to a letter written in the Precious Blood and delivered by the hands of a seraph, he adds: "Then, good sire, let it now take the same effect, seeing the difference has been in the ceremonies and not the substance, so that your God, who should then have invited you to correction saith of such as I am, though most unworthy, 'He that heareth you heareth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me!' I exhort you, therefore, as the vicegerent of God, and humbly request you as a dutiful child." He winds up the whole touching appeal by an assurance that: "I have expressed not only my own, but the earnest desire of your other children, whose humble wishes are here written with my pen. For it is a general grief that filleth all our hearts, whom it hath pleased God to shroud under His merciful wing, to see our dearest father, to whom both nature hath bound and your merits fastened our affection, dismembered from the body to which we are united, to be in hazard of a farther and more grievous separation."

We feel a glow of satisfaction that the father proved worthy of the son's confidence and responded nobly to

the appeal, returning to the practice of his religion after a lifetime of temporizing. The young priest's tender heart can have known no keener earthly joy.

III. Prose and Poetry.

Such a well-filled life as this would seem to leave little time for literary production. But Father Robert Southwell had the true artist's need of expression as well as the zeal of an apostle; and we may well believe that his writing was a joy and a consolation to him no less than a necessity. His prose works alone make no contemptible show for a man with more leisure than he can have had. Six years of freedom comprised the whole of his missionary career; and all his prose must have been written before he was imprisoned in 1592; for though the dates of the printed copies extant are sometimes later, there were earlier MS. copies in circulation. Of his poetry, Dr. Alexander Grosart says, "Probably his entire poems were produced in prison," and quotes therefrom many lines and stanzas which, to him, furnish conclusive internal evidence of the truth of his statement; but Father Thurston, S.J., whose critical authority must bear far greater weight, sees "no reason to believe that a single line of what has been preserved to us was written in confinement, though there is much evidence which points to an opposite conclusion."

This gives only six years to account for an immense amount of work. The prose writings left to us include: *Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears*, his best known prose work; *An Epistle of Comfort to the Reverend Priestes, and to the honourable worshipful, and other of the lay sorte restrayned in durance for the Catholic Faith; A short Rule of Good Life, to direct the devout Christian in a regular and ordinary course; The Epistle to his Father to forsake the World; The Triumphs over Death,*

or a Consolatorie Epistle for afflicted minds, in the affects of dying friends, first written for the Consolation of one, but now published for the general good of all; and *The Hundred Meditations of the Love of God;* besides *Notes on Theology*, and *Prayers and Meditations* in Latin. It is of these prose writings that Dr. Grosart remarks: "It is not their literary value that has kept them 'quick' and potential to this day. It was not for a literary object they were composed, neither as contributing to literature were they published. They were the outcome of the author's own inner life and sympathies with the sad, the unwary, the eager, the tempted, the doubting, the tried. Hence it is, I take it, that there never has been a decade of years since their original issue, that something bearing the name of Southwell has not been in living circulation and prized by weary and sorrowful spirits."

Of their literary value we gain some idea from the already-quoted *Letter to his Father*. It was the age of Euphuism—of quaint conceits and far-fetched fancies; and Father Southwell could not be so completely of his time as he was and altogether escape them. In *Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears*, especially, they are noticeable; but for the most part his English is of the purest and his style simple and unaffected.

His longest poem is *St. Peter's Complaint*, to which may be added the *Mœoniæ, or Certain excellent Poems and Spirituall Hymnes, omitted in the last impression of Peter's Complaint, being needefull thereunto to be annexed, as being both Divine and Wittie*, as the title quaintly runs. These last are mostly on our Lord and His Blessed Mother. The printed copies are dated 1595, but they existed in MS. before this. There are many other miscellaneous poems, some in Latin, some in English, all dated 1595 or 1596, which shows that they were all collected and printed and published

together at the same time, and not when they were written. There is another *Complaint*, this time Mary Magdalen's, and the titles of others are suggestive. *Life is but Losse* and *I die alive* seem to us less indicative of prison torture, as Dr. Grosart thinks, than of the thirst for martyrdom which never left him.

> By force I live, in will I wish to die,

and

> To Him I live, for Him I hope to die,

he says in the former; and in the latter,

> Grace more than nature kepes my hart alive,
> Whose idle hopes and vague desires are deade.

Amidst all his myriad occupations he never lost his boyhood's longing for a martyr's death. In his notes we find such remarks as, "There are many amongst them (the martyrs) of my age and younger and as weak and weaker than I; but the divine grace will sustain me that did not fail them"; and, "The first man whose piety is noticed in Holy Scripture was a martyr, and it was his piety that caused his death." It is as if he were encouraging his soul from time to time to what his sensitive nature shrank from, and reminding himself of the end he held ever in view.

In all these poems there are beautiful lines and lofty thoughts mingled, as in most poetry, with others less worthy; but two of the shortest deserve to be quoted in full. In their combined grace and delicacy, and in that intangible something that makes true poetry, they are gems of very pure water. Of one of them George Macdonald says: "In style almost as simple as a ballad, it is at once of the quaintest and truest. . . . The very title has a glimmer of the glowing heart of Christianity."

We give it with the old spelling; for the poet is, as he should be, so completely of his time that any dress but

the one he wore naturally would detract from his "quaintness and truth."

NEW PRINCE, NEW POMPE.

Behold a sely tender Babe,
In freesing winter nighte,
In homely manger trembling lyes,
Alas! a piteous sight!

The innes are full, no man will yeald
This little pilgrym bedd;
But forced He is with sely beastes
In cribb to shroude His Hedd.

Despise Him not for lying there,
First what He is enquire;
An orient perle is often founde
In depth of dirty myre.

Way not His cribb, His wodden dishe,
Nor beasts that by Him feed;
Way not His Mother's poore attyre,
Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a prince's courte,
The cribb His Chayre of State;
The beastes are parcell of His pompe,
The wodden dishe His playte.

The parsons in that poore attyre
His royal liveries weare;
The Prince Himself is come from heaven,
This pompe is prysèd there!

With joy approch, O Christian wight!
Do homage to thy Kinge;
And highly pryse His humble pompe
Which He from Heaven doth bringe.

Such a poem would make us regret more than ever the degeneration of the old English word "sely," with

its meaning of "blissful ignorance," into the modern "silly," with all its derogatory associations. Perhaps it is the use of this word as much as anything that has prevented these lines from taking their rightful place amongst the best of our carols. We can hardly be surprised at it; and it would be desecration to alter one of these burning words straight from their author's heart.

The second poem is the one for which Ben Jonson said he "would have been content to destroy many of his:" and is called—

THE BURNING BABE.

As I in hoarye Winter's night stood shivering in the snowe,
Surpris'd I was with sodine heat, which made my harte to glowe;
And lifting upp a fearefull eye to vewe what fire was nere,
A pretty Babe all burninge bright, did in the ayre appeare.

Who scorchèd with exceeding heat, such fluds of teares did shedd,
As though His fluds should quench His flames which with His teares were fedd;
Alas! quoth He, but newly borne, in fiery heates I frye.
Yet non approch to warme their hartes or feele my fyre but I!

My faultles brest the fornace is, the fuell wonding thornes,
Love is the fyre, and sighes the smoke, the ashes shame and scornes;
The fuell Justice layeth on, and Mercy blowes the coales.
The mettall in this fornace wrought are men's defilèd soules,

For which, as now on fire I am, to worke them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath to washe them in My Bloode:
With this He vanisht out of sight, and swiftly shrunke awaye
And straight I callèd unto mynde that it was Christmas Daye.

Reading this we must perforce agree with Dr. Grosart in his opinion that: "It were a loss to our small body of English sacred poetry to lose Southwell. The hastiest reader will come on thinking and feeling that are as

musical as Apollo's lute and as fresh as a spring-budding spray. . . ."

This is to name but a few of the many of his short poems. The titles of most are quaint and suggestive.

Thus we have, *Tymes goe by Turnes: Fortune's Falsehood; Looke Home; Scorne not the Leaste; At Home in Heaven; Losse in Delaye; Content and Ritche; Life's Death, Love's Life; What Joy to Live;* as well as those on *Christe's Childhood; Christe's Bloody Sweate; Christe's Sleeping Frendes; Our Ladie's Nativitie; Our Ladie's Spousalls; Joseph's Amazement; The Virgin Mary to Christ on the Crosse;* and many others. They nearly all contain some idea or some line or lines which arrest the attention and linger long in the memory. They deserve to be better known than they are by all who love poetry.

IV. Betrayal.

The family of Bellamy lived at Uxenden, near Harrow-on-the-Hill; and its members had remained true to the Faith through all the troubles. Amongst them all, Ann, the youngest daughter, was conspicuous for her enthusiastic piety; so much so that she, in particular, was signalled out for persecution, arrested and imprisoned at Westminster. There we shall never know to what she was subjected; but it is certain that she lost her virtue, and probable that despair rendered her capable of the rest. The greater the height the more rapid and fearful the fall.

By her first fault she had forfeited all right to any part of her inheritance from her father, and in order to provide herself with the means to induce her jailer to marry her, she consented to become the tool of the infamous Topcliffe in his work of priest-hunting. She betrayed the fact that Father Southwell had used her

own father's house as a hiding-place, and was then induced to write him an invitation to meet her there. Father John Gerard, reporting her action to his Superiors, remarks of her: "A dutiful daughter truly, who thus betrayed to death both her spiritual and her natural father." Whether Father Southwell were ignorant of her fall, or whether he thought her repentant and anxious for his ministrations, we do not know; but in either case he obeyed the summons, only stopping on his way to see his friend Father Garnet, and he walked straight into the trap laid for him. Topcliffe himself and his crew were in hiding, and after watching him in, they surrounded the house, and called upon its mistress to deliver up the priest she was harbouring. Mrs. Bellamy made a gallant fight for it, feigning ignorance, and doing all in her power to put the pursuivants off the scent. But they were too well informed and too sure of their ground this time to be diverted. Father Southwell was caught red-handed in the deadliest crime; for there was neither time nor opportunity to warn him. He was saying Mass. He was seized just as he was, clad in the sacred vestments, which they would not let him put off, but ironed him heavily and dragged him forth for all to mock at as a priest and traitor. This was on June 20, 1592.

Topcliffe made a greater fuss than usual about this capture, showing somewhat unexpected discrimination in the "fawning, cruel, abominable letter" that he wrote to Elizabeth relating to it. He says: "It may please your Majesty to consider, I never did take so weighty a man, if he be rightly considered." He seemed to gloat over his prey, more even than was usual with him who so dearly loved the sight of his victim's sufferings. He carried Father Southwell to his own "strong chamber" at Westminster, keeping him there for some weeks, during which time he personally superintended the

torture, ten times repeated, of hanging him by his hands against the wall—so cruel an agony that the young priest told his judges, when at length he was brought to trial, that he would rather have died ten times over. Afterwards, Father Southwell was committed to the Gatehouse at Westminster for two months, before being finally sent to the Tower. But there was no cessation of the torture. Even Cecil admitted that he had been thirteen times "most cruelly tortured"; but that he could be induced to confess nothing, "not even the colour of the horse, whereon on a certain day he rode, lest from such indication his adversaries might conjecture in what house, or in company of what Catholics, he that day was."

The dungeon in the Tower into which he was thrust was "so noisome and filthy that when he was brought out at the end of the month to be examined his clothes were quite covered with vermin." His father, roused to heroism also, presented a petition to the Queen, begging "that if his son had committed anything for which by the laws he had deserved death, he might suffer death; if not, as he was a gentleman, he hoped her Majesty would be pleased to order that he should be treated as a gentleman, and not be confined any longer to that filthy hole." To petition Queen Elizabeth in favour of a priest and a Jesuit was a hazardous undertaking, but the fatherly boldness was successful, and she "was pleased to have regard to this petition, and to order Mr. Southwell a better lodging, and to give leave to his father to supply him with cloaths and other necessaries; and amongst the rest, with the books which he asked for," which were only the Holy Bible and the works of St. Bernard.

These, with his breviary, were the young priest's companions during the three years he spent in the Tower. The breviary afterwards came into Father

Garnet's possession, who found scratched on its margins, apparently with a needle, the words, *Deus meus et omnia! Deus tibi se, tu te illi;* also many dots, evidently the record of his particular examen. The relic was sent by Father Garnet to the Rector of the English College at Rome; but "it is taken," he says simply in a letter to Father Parsons; and no trace of it remains.

Prisoners in the Tower were completely at the mercy of its Lieutenant (or Governor) and the keepers under him, who, for the most part, were spies as well as warders. They were also generally open to bribes from their prisoners, which accounts for the occasional interchange of letters, and still more rarely of visits, that sometimes lightened the horrors of solitude in the pestilential chambers the latter were locked into. We hear of the Earl of Arundel and his servant being shut up in rooms "having no sight of the sun for the greatest part of the year," and which had a vault under them "which at some times did smell so ill that the keeper could scarce endure to enter into it, much less to stay there."

The Carthusian Fathers imprisoned for refusing the Oath of Supremacy to Henry VIII. had been laden with chains on feet and arms and waist, and fastened so that they were obliged to stand in the same position for a fortnight without relief; others were given such vile food that they were unable to eat it even when they were starving; whilst all alike underwent the unspeakable horrors of filth and polluted air, bitter cold in winter and stifling heat in summer weather. But we have no details of Father Southwell's imprisonment in particular, beyond the words of Father Garnet in a letter to the Father General in which he says that "he (Father Southwell) had for nearly three years been confined more straitly than ever was any one before, so that he had neither sight nor speech of any Catholic, and had

endured more cruel tortures than this savagery is wont to inflict upon others."

One alleviation, however, he seems to have had; and that was a correspondence with the Earl of Arundel. How far their intercourse extended we do not know, but we have a letter of Father Southwell's to the Earl in which he assures him that, let men call the cause of his death what they may, he is to die for his religion; and comforts him for all the privations that he suffers by the thought that his martyrdom is a "title of honour," "a salutary sacrament," and "a crown of glory"; and we have a pathetic one from the Earl to the Father, in which he says: "I could not be more bound to any man, nor to any but one of your calling so much; and all this in a time when such comforts were most welcome. . . . Our Lord, who sees all secrets, sees my good-will and thankfulness, and I doubt not will reward you amongst all your other worthy merits, for these bestowed on me His most unworthy servant." The Jesuit Father who wrote the *Life of the Earl of Arundel* tells us also that when the Lieutenant spoke of Father Southwell to the Earl the latter often called him "Blessed Father." "And the Lieutenant telling him, that his (the Earl's) dog came into Father Southwell's chamber whilst he was there with him, he answered that he loved his dog the better for it, and the Lieutenant in a scoffing manner saying it might be that the dog came thither to have his blessing, the Earl replied, it was no news for irrational creatures to seek blessing at the hands of holy men."

So up to the last there was opportunity, scant though it might be, for the exercise of his apostolate.

V. Trial and Death.

There exists a Latin MS. account of Father Southwell's trial in which it is stated that he wrote to Cecil, begging that he might either be brought to trial and condemned or acquitted, or his imprisonment might be lightened by the admission of friends to visit him. Cecil's generous answer was that if he was in such haste to be hanged he should certainly have his desire. A few days later, with no further notice, he was sent from Westminster to Newgate, where he was shut up in the dark and noisome hole—it could not be called a room or even a cellar—known as Limbo, in which prisoners were ordinarily confined before execution, and which, in addition to having no light whatever, was ordinarily half under water. The only possible thing to be said in favour of such refinement of torture is that it must certainly have made the victims ready to welcome even death itself as a mode of escape therefrom.

From thence he was suddenly summoned to trial on February 20, 1594–5. The trial was, as was usual, a solemn mockery of justice, the verdict being well decided upon beforehand. The form was that a prisoner should be asked by whom he wished to be judged, and that he should answer, "By God and my country."

Father Southwell objected to using this form, as he had, he said, no desire to make the jury accessory to his murder by taking any part in the farce. When the usual question was put by the Judge, he answered, "By God and you." But he was told he must make the usual answer, and he did so; and was then duly instructed to challenge the jury. This he also declined, not knowing one of them from another. The indictment ran thus: "The jury present on the part of our sovereign lady the Queen, that Robert Southwell, late of London,

clerk, born within the kingdom of England, to wit, since the feast of St. John Baptist, and in the first year of the reign of her Majesty, and before the 1st day of May, in the thirty-second year of the reign of our lady, the Queen aforesaid, made and ordained priest by authority derived and pretended from the See of Rome, not having the fear of God before his eyes, and slighting the laws and statutes of this realm of England without any regard to the penalty therein contained, on the 20th day of June, the thirty-fourth year of the reign of our lady the Queen, at Uxenden, in the county of Middlesex, traitorously, and as a false traitor to our lady the Queen was and remained, contrary to the form of the statute in such case set forth and provided, and contrary to the peace of our said lady, the Queen, her crown and dignities."

When this had been read the prisoner was asked if he was guilty or not guilty; a question he answered by strenuously denying treason or "any design or plots against the Queen or kingdom." This was not enough for his accusers, and the question being repeated, he again denied "any other design in returning home to my native country, than to administer the sacraments according to the rite of the Catholic Church to such as desired them." This was full admission of guilt; and he was next asked if he had anything more to say for himself, to which he answered that he had nothing to say, but that he begged Almighty God to forgive all who were in any way accessory to his death, knowing full well that that was a foregone conclusion. The Queen's solicitor, Coke, in his speech, called him "boy-priest," and quoted his youth as proof conclusive that he had been born since the passing of the statute that made it treason to be ordained priest; and Lord Chief Justice Popham asked him how old he was. He answered, in words that showed the source of his

strength and consolation, that he was nearly the same age as our Saviour at the time of His Passion. And Topcliffe was at hand to exclaim at the blasphemy by which he compared himself to the Redeemer; a suggestion worthy of the mind from which it sprang. Most earnestly he disclaimed any such intention and acknowledged himself but a humble and "unworthy creature." That ended the farce; the judgement was accordingly pronounced: that he should be hanged, drawn and quartered, the usual penalty for his crime. He bowed low to the Judge and thanked him for the sentence as for a favour received; and Popham offered him the services of a minister to prepare him for death. He gently declined them, saying that the grace of God would be sufficient for him.

Then he was led back through the streets to Newgate, giving such evident tokens of his overflowing joy of heart, that the chronicle tells us it could be read in his eyes, countenance, and every gesture of his body. He was put into Limbo again, "where he spent the following night, the last of his life, in prayer, full of the thought of the journey he was to take the next day—through the gate of martyrdom into a happy eternity." At last he was in full sight of the coveted end, and he had not long to wait.

Next morning, early, they came to release him. He was dragged through the crowded streets on what the chronicle calls a "sled," but which was, presumably, the rough hurdle, on which others before and after him were taken the long two-mile journey from Newgate to Tyburn. Great efforts had been made to distract public attention from him, and a famous highwayman was ordered to execution the same morning as a counter-attraction. In vain. The crowd was large and sympathetic, as they showed by their action later on. When, arrived at Tyburn, he mounted into the cart, he

addressed the people, once more denying all treason or thought of it, and declaring that he died "a priest of the Holy Roman Church and a religious man of the Society of Jesus, on which account I owe eternal thanks and praises to my God and Saviour. I have always prayed for the Queen," he said, in refutation of the charge of treason, "and for this short time of my life still pray." And in like manner he "recommended to the same mercy of God, my poor country." The sheriff tried to stop him, but he pleaded the short time he had left to live, and finished what he had to say; then tried to make the sign of the Cross with his pinioned hands, and commended himself—"*In manus tuas, Domine.*"

An unskilful hangman adjusted the rope so badly on his neck that when the cart was driven from under him he hung for some minutes and made the sign of the Cross several times before "some drew him by the legs to put an end to his pain."

The brutal sentence meant that the victim should be cut down and disembowelled while still living, but when the hangman tried to put this part of it into execution, the "gentlemen and people" around the scaffold refused to allow it to be done. They saw to it that he was dead before his body was further mangled. He would have shrunk from nothing himself, but doubtless God saw he had borne enough.

So died blessed Robert Southwell, of the Society of Jesus—poet, priest, and martyr, thrice-blessed in his life, his death, and his reward; for if the cup of cold water, in the name of a disciple, cannot escape without grateful recognition, what will the Master give for this?

His most fitting epitaph was written by his dear friend, Father Henry Garnet, in a letter dated February 22, 1594–5, to the Father General of the Society. "Behold," he writes, "now at length I present

your Paternity with a most lovely flower from your garden, a most sweet fruit of your orchard, a matchless jewel from your treasure-house . . . the unconquered soldier of Christ, most faithful disciple, and courageous martyr, Robert Southwell, once my dearest friend and brother, now my lord and patron, reigning as a king with Christ. For whereas," he goes on, after describing in words already quoted the severity of his friend's imprisonment, "during all that time he had been able neither to say Mass nor to approach the Sacrament of Penance, nor to hold converse with or receive comfort from any one, yet he came into the court, and to the scaffold, as calm and tranquil as though of his own free-will he were going to a banquet."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, LONDON.

Visiting the Sick.

THE NEXT THING.

PRISCILLA and I lived with Aunt Lucy and Uncle George ever since I can remember, but Priscilla, of course, recollects our parents, who died of cholera in India, for she was twelve years old then and I was only a baby. Aunt Lucy died when I was fifteen; and as Priscilla was twenty-seven, she kept house for Uncle George, and we lived very happily near London.

There were only Priscilla and me, for the other brothers and sisters had died in India when most of them were small.

When I came from the convent school at Roehampton and settled at home, I tried at first to keep up my studies, but I found it very hard, as I had no particular liking for them. I thought I would read French for half an hour and some English book for another half hour, but I soon got tired of that; so I just read stories and novels, and got through the day somehow or other. When it was wet and I could not bike, it was awfully slow. Priscilla never interfered with me much, and when she did try to give me good advice I used to shut her up, though really

she was so sweet and spoke so gently that I ought to have listened and paid more attention. Only, you see, girls don't like to be advised or talked to, even by a sister who is ever so much older than they are. It's not like a nun, or one's confessor, or a mother or aunt.

Well, Priscilla often used to ask me why I did not find some occupation, saying that if I had more to do I should not find the time so long.

"I don't find it long when I can go out," I said one day in answer to a remark of the kind. As I looked out of the window of our suburban house I could see the heavy downpour of rain. "One can't do anything in this weather. You know, Priscilla, it's all very well for you; you have heaps to occupy you in minding the house, and then, of course, your church gives you plenty of interest. You see I can't be going to church so often. I never could go in for all the piety some girls did at that school. I don't want to be always praying. I should love work if I could have the kind I like--you know that perfectly well. I should like the life of Martha—not Mary."

I had been speaking so quickly that I had to stop to take breath, and Priscilla coughed a little and flushed. She always had a cough and was considered very delicate, but it seemed to me that she couldn't be as delicate as they said, for she went out awfully early to mass and seemed quite able to do lots of things.

"I am not a Mary, indeed, Dorothea," said she. "I think I work pretty hard, considering that I am not very strong."

"Yes; but you see it's so hard your telling me I should

be better if I had something to do, when you only back Uncle George up in that ridiculous idea of his about not letting me be a nurse, or go to the East End with Jean Grant."

"You know I think it best for you to wait," said Priscilla, "and indeed in many hospitals they won't take a girl of twenty. Later on, I am sure Uncle George will consent, and if he asks me about it I shall be very glad if you go. About going down to the East End to visit, as Uncle George won't hear of it——"

"Miss Grant," announced the parlour-maid just at that moment. When she had done so, she came to Priscilla, and told her that the mason who was working lately at a wall in the garden wanted to see her.

"You will excuse me, I am sure," said Priscilla, with her gentle smile; "and besides, I know your visit is especially to Dorothea."

Jean said something polite in answer, and then I made her take off her long nurse's cloak; and as I sat down near her I told her we had just mentioned her name.

"I was telling Priscilla what a shame it was that I could not go with you to the East End, and help you with visiting the sick, even if I could not actually nurse them as you do."

Jean looked hard into the fire. She had a nice face with grey eyes, and soft fair hair, which went off into little curls and ripples, and looked very pretty under her severe nurse's bonnet. We had been friends for years; she was about Priscilla's age.

"If your uncle won't let you go, Dorothea," said she, "there seems nothing for it but to submit."

"It is so wrong of him, keeping me from fulfilling what I am perfectly certain is my vocation in life. Don't you see, Jean, if I went about with you in the East End, I should learn a lot about nursing from you, and that would be such a help when I went into a hospital, as Uncle George says I may when I am twenty-three. I can't make him understand things—it's so odd, too, as he is such a good Catholic, that he should prevent me from doing my duty."

"The question is—is it your duty?" said Jean slowly, in what I call her preachy voice. She always says I bring her sermons on myself, for I talk of all kinds of things to her and she speaks her mind—just like Priscilla, only I mind it less than from her.

"Of course it is my duty—how can you ask such a thing!" I exclaimed. "Why, Jean, you know quite well that the corporal works of mercy are binding on everyone. Father Drury said so in a sermon last Lent when he was preaching upon them, and surely—surely when you read about what our Lord says—oh, you know——"

"'Sick and ye visited me'——"

"Yes—why, of course, one wants to do it, even if it were not a direct work of mercy."

"Of course the corporal works of mercy are binding on all, and everyone must perform them directly or indirectly," said Jean; "but if you *cannot* perform them directly, I don't see how you can be bound to do so. It means that as one has opportunity one should practise them. For

example, how can persons who are ill themselves or very much occupied, as mother is, possibly visit the sick? and visiting captives is a work of charity which must fall to the lot of few."

"Oh, if one is to wait until things come under one's nose," I said, in an annoyed tone, "one will never do anything. I believe firmly in making opportunities, and now what I wanted was to take the opportunity to visit the sick poor with you, and then later on to give myself absolutely to the work of nursing them."

"I understand, but——"

"It's all very well for you, Jean," I said, interrupting her; "you are getting it all your own way. You wanted to be a nurse and you went. Then you wanted to use your knowledge in the slums by working, not attached to any particular district nursing society, but on the cases at St. Clement's which Canon Vereker gives you."

"I get them from Miss Routledge, who manages the district visiting," said Jean.

"Anyhow, you have it to do, while I——"

"I am older than you are, Dorothea, and——"

"Yes, I know," I interrupted, "but you see you are doing what you wanted to do—I can't! I am stuck here with Uncle George and Priscilla, and I can never perform nor exercise the work of mercy I want to give my life to, the talent I firmly believe I possess."

"What made you think you had a talent for nursing?" asked Jean, and I detected a slight scepticism in her voice which rather irritated me.

"One must know what one's talents are, Jean," I answered decidedly. "I know I have no talent for music or drawing, and I don't particularly care for reading, excepting novels and stories. When I was staying at the Brennans two years ago, just after I left school, there was a nurse on a visit there, and from all I told her she was sure I should make a good nurse. It's a most exciting life, she says; one gets so interested in the patients, and it's so lovely, always relieving suffering and——"

"Yes, it is a most interesting life, but did you ever do any nursing, Dorothea?" persisted Jean.

"Well, no, not exactly. Only you know I have been through the National Health Society's lectures, and I have got my certificates for home nursing, first aid, and personal and domestic hygiene."

"Yes, I remember now about your going through those courses; they are most useful, and you will be glad of the knowledge when you go into a hospital."

"And then too, Jean, you know——" I stopped, for I am reserved about religious things. Jean isn't a bit. "You see I want an object in life and to do something with my life, and it's that—visiting the sick—that I want so to do, and it does seem so hard, so very hard of Uncle George to prevent me." I felt inclined to cry.

"I sympathize with you," said Jean, taking my hand, and I knew she felt for me. "But you see if your uncle won't let you do it, you must give way. Why does he object?"

"He says I am too young."

"I think he is right."

"Oh, Jean, for shame!—going over to the enemy's side!"

"Not at all; but if you came with me when I visit, you could not always come in, and I should not know where to leave you. Some of the places quite fit for me to go into—so much older, and in my nurse's dress—would never do for you. All I can say, Dorothea, dear, is patience. The years will soon pass, and you will be free to go as a probationer to a hospital; meanwhile many chances of doing something for the sick may turn up."

"I don't see where."

"Just now, perhaps not," said Jean; "only if you are really in earnest about it, and I know you are, you will find something to do, believe me. When mother kept me waiting—you know I told you I had to wait four years before I was allowed to go and be trained—I found things I could do very often."

"Where?"

"There was an old French lady living then next door to us; she was paralyzed, and I used to go in and see her and read to her; then I knew a cripple boy I used to go and see and sometimes played halma with."

"Oh, but Jean, that isn't a bit like nursing," I exclaimed; "any one can read out to an old woman."

"The work of mercy is visiting the sick," said Jean, "and as I could not do more then than things of that kind, I had to content myself. Father Gray explained to me one day that visiting the sick did not mean nursing them, as I half think I fancied then, just as you do; but cheering them up, doing what lay in one's power for them, if it was only

to take them a few flowers, or sit and give them the relief of pouring out their troubles, and helping them with money or giving them what they need."

"That part would be very uninteresting to me," I said, shortly.

"Now, Dorothea, be a good girl and wait patiently and don't waste your time," said Jean sturdily. "You say you believe in making opportunities, and you will certainly find some; if you don't, at least in your heart there is the will to work for our Lord; and He regards the intention. Little things done for Him in His sick and poor, He will surely accept as done for Him."

"Of course—but I hate the little things! I want big ones."

"I thought your sister looked rather delicate," said Jean, changing the subject, as she buttoned on her cloak; for she said she must catch the next train from Antram Green to Charing Cross.

"Yes she is; she has always been delicate," I said.

"What is the matter with her?"

"Her lungs are not strong," I said carelessly. "Uncle George fusses over it, but I don't think there is much the matter with her. She does not complain. Well, I suppose I shan't see you again for a while," I remarked, "if you are going to Scotland for three months. What about your sick cases?"

"A friend is going to take them for me," said Jean, thoughtfully; and then after a moment's silence she said—

"Dorothea, do you know I think we lose so much in

life—at least I speak for myself—by not doing what we can, when we can't get the work we want."

"That sounds like a copy-book maxim," I said, rather pertly, I fear.

"Perhaps it does. Only you see all our life is there before Almighty God, and He knows what we can and what we can't do. And I think," said Jean, hesitatingly, "that if you really want to practise that special corporal work of mercy, that you will find many opportunities——"

"Not for visiting the poor."

"Possibly not, but for doing things for sick people."

"Little and twaddling things here and there; that is different from your work."

"Well, I can't give you my work, and it's a pity to omit what you can do. Don't you know the French saying, *le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*?"

"Yes—I don't like that kind of saying!"

"I am sorry for that, as I wanted to quote another to you."

"Oh, don't!"

"Yes, I shall. It is, 'Do the next thing.' Now good-bye, I must go."

"Do the next thing," I said to myself as she left; and I went upstairs to my room to turn out some drawers, as I had mislaid a manuscript book of nursing notes taken at the lectures I had attended. That is all very well for Jean to say, but the matter is difficult when there's no next thing to do!

When I went down for dinner I found Priscilla lying on the sofa, a very unusual thing for her. She didn't look

tired, for there was a brilliant red spot on each of her cheeks, and her eyes were very bright, and I couldn't help thinking how pretty she was.

"Are you ill?" I inquired.

"No, only a little tired, dear."

"Why didn't you stay in your room and have tea—ever so much nicer than dinner—and then go to bed early?"

Priscilla shook her head.

"No, thank you, Dorothea. Uncle George cannot bear not to have us both at dinner, and I know he wants to talk to me afterwards, about something; I don't know what."

"A secret?"

"No, I don't think so—perhaps only about the housekeeping books."

"Oh, a new story that he is writing," I said.

Uncle George, who is an old military man, and looks a soldier all over, writes short stories for little magazines such as *The Lily* and the *Weekly Paper of Stories*. It is a funny thing for him to do, but he takes great interest in it, and it provides him with a good deal of amusement and some extra money. For we are not at all rich, and it is rather difficult, so Priscilla says, to make both ends meet.

I didn't go down again in the evening, as I found my drawers and cupboards wanted tidying so much. I had been away for a week and only returned the evening before, so I stayed to put them to rights. I often stay in my room in the evening, as Priscilla doesn't care to talk much, and Uncle George is generally writing.

It was near ten before Priscilla came up to bed. Her room is next to mine, and she called me and said she wanted to speak to me.

"Dorothea, I have been having a talk with Uncle George, and I've come to tell you about it."

"Butcher's book or baker's book?"

"Neither," said Priscilla, sinking into a low Oxford chair. "Last week, when you were away, he took me up to see a specialist—I did not write about it, because I wanted to tell you."

I was silent for a moment. I like to know what goes on in the house, and I can't see why they should not have told me this morning. "Have you been worse lately, Priscilla?" I inquired.

"Yes, at least not so well, and Uncle George thought I had better see Dr. Dickinson."

"Well, and what did he say?"

"That I must get out of England for the winter, and he recommended a place, Gardone Riviera; it's on the Lake of Garda, and Uncle George says we must go. Aunt Julia has promised me a cheque to cover all our expenses."

"Am I to go too?"

"Of course; Uncle George thinks of shutting up the house or letting it."

"I wonder that he did not mention it at dinner," I said. "I am awfully glad, as I have never been abroad before; it will be lovely!"

"Yes, your German will be useful, Dorothea, as I don't know any, nor does Uncle George, and his plan

is to travel slowly there by the Rhine, Munich, and Innsbruck."

"I am so glad. I *shall* enjoy it!" I said, "though I am sorry you are ill, Priscilla."

Priscilla did not answer.

The next day Uncle George sent for me to go to him in a little room he calls his study. It has a great many books in it, and a very business-like writing-table with a lot of drawers. There was a pile of the magazines he wrote for, and manuscripts and proofs in all directions. He told me about the plan of going abroad, and said if possible we must start next week.

"Your Aunt Julia, who is Priscilla's godmother, has behaved very nicely in making it easy for us. Fortunately, Priscilla can manage without a nurse."

"Oh, surely she isn't bad enough for anything of that kind!" I exclaimed, for the idea of a nurse sounded dreadful.

Uncle George looked grave.

"Dr. Dickinson did not give a very satisfactory opinion," said Uncle George, who is always inclined to take the most hopeful view of everything. So am I; only about my own affairs I am sometimes rather hopeless, when I want my own way and can't get it, that is to say. "He said," continued Uncle George, "that she must take great care and not be allowed to overexert herself and must be most careful about chills. He has great faith in the place doing her good, but we can't go there until quite the middle of October, so I thought we might stop at Riva for a few weeks after we have done a few other

places. I was at Riva once with your Aunt Lucy; it is a most lovely spot, and Priscilla will be able to sit out and enjoy the sunshine and good air. You must look after her well, Dorothea, and really, as nursing is in your line, you will be able to be very useful."

"Oh, of course, I will do what I can," I said.

"I shall be very glad to get abroad for a while," said Uncle George, "as I shall get some fresh local colouring for some stories I am going to write. I am going to do a four-chapter story—rather, a novelette—each chapter to end with a situation, and Riva will be the very place for it. I shall be able to refresh my memory of the scenery."

"I am awfully glad that we are going," I said.

The next week we were in all the bustle of preparation. Priscilla seemed so tired that I would not let her do much in the way of packing and settling things, and she said that I was of the very greatest help to her. I enjoyed the bustle and fuss; it was something new, and I looked forward immensely to seeing something of the Continent. It was all very nice, and I thought of what Jean Grant had said about doing the next thing! Here was the next thing, come indeed most unexpectedly.

One can think about so many things that one can't speak about.

I knew deep down in my heart there was a great, great desire, which I had had ever since I made my first communion. I was not a bit pious like Priscilla, and I couldn't be everlastingly going to church and praying. It wasn't a bit my line; my thoughts wandered and I got

fidgetty. I liked the Rosary because that gave my fingers something to do.

People are so different. One person is attracted to one thing, another to another, and my attraction has always been to work and to do something for our Lord. I wanted to do something really grand for Him, such as imperilling my life for some one, or working very, very hard and being really of immense use. It would have been lovely if one could do that! I hoped I should be able to do so, some day; meanwhile it was so very, very trying to have to wait and just do the little odd things that Jean seemed so certain I should find. One day I remember she and I were talking about visiting the poor and sick, and work of that kind, and she said that self-sacrifice came into all good work more or less. Of course she said there was a great deal of pleasure in doing work for God, and there was the happiness of relieving suffering; but that there often came times when one had to give up one's will, and to sacrifice oneself very much indeed. That part I should not much like, for I didn't think that was in my line. Perhaps I should love the work so much that I should not feel it. I only wanted the work for the work's sake, and also because of doing it as an object in life, and—perhaps I should have said this first of all—for our Lord's sake. I do think that is my real motive. It is funny when one has a subject in one's head, how things one hears or reads seem to fit in with one's thoughts A stranger preached just before we left for abroad, and he spoke about "Whatsoever thy hand is able to do, do it earnestly."

Well, really I thought it seemed quite intended for me! It was all about doing the duty nearest at hand even if it consisted in very little things, and perhaps things that one did not quite like. The priest said a lot more, but that was the only part that I remembered.

Priscilla was not at all well during our journey to Innsbruck. We stayed at a lot of places in Germany on the way to Austria, and she really was often quite unable to do any sight-seeing. My private opinion was that she gave in too much; if she had only made efforts and roused herself she would have been ever so much better.

We spent a week at Innsbruck, and made some lovely excursions from there to Hall and the Grindenwald and all about the country round. As I was the only one of the three who spoke German, I found I had plenty to do in interpreting for Uncle George and Priscilla and making all the arrangements. It was rather fun and I enjoyed it very much. By the time we got to Riva I had to admit to myself that I was dreadfully tired of looking after Priscilla, fond as I was of her. She seemed to want such a lot of things.

"I never know how to get through dressing in the morning," she said one day to me. "I am afraid, Dorothea, I must ask you to come and help me."

"Oh, yes, I will, as long as you don't want me too early."

"I want to get to mass when I can. I have promised Uncle George that I won't go out fasting more than twice

in the week, as the church is quite twenty minutes' walk for me. I am so sorry it is so far off."

"It is ever so much nicer here than in the town," I said. "I think this is the loveliest place I ever saw, and this hotel is quite ideal. I fancy it is three hundred years old! It was a nobleman's place."

"Yes, I think the entrance—that vaulted hall—is so pretty, and the courtyard with the pigeons, and aloes and oleanders, and that lovely virginia creeper hanging over the terrace which joins the corridors. We could not have come to a lovelier spot, and it is charming seeing the vintage, a thing I always wanted to see."

As she spoke I was on the balcony of her room, which was on the first floor. There was a curious clipped yew hedge with huge balls at the corners, a large aloe in the middle, and roses trailing, and an immense magnolia with its red seeds here and there. Then there came the vine-covered walk leading down to the wood and the lake, and a few tall poplars to the right showing clear against the blue-grey of the stone mountains. Just below were the little tables covered with tea-cloths, and many white chairs.

"I am going to Alessandro this afternoon," I said, "with that American girl, Miss Yates."

"The tall one with the brown eyes, or her sister?"

"The sister. I don't think both can come. She's the elder, awfully jolly, and I like her very much; they are only staying a week longer, though it is such a pity. They are going to Verona and then on to Florence."

"I shall stay in and finish that sketch, and then Uncle

George wants me to correct some proofs," said Priscilla. "He says it tires his eyes and that I do it so well. I am so glad." Priscilla sketches rather well and often sells her work, and I think she gives the money to the church and to the poor.

It was such a lovely afternoon! My spirits rose, as I dressed quickly to go out. Although it was October it was quite warm, and I wore a cotton dress. The sky was perfectly blue and the lovely purple mountains had beautiful lights on them, while on the lake, which I could see from my window, were little boats with white and yellow sails, like butterflies. I could never have imagined anything so beautiful as this lake. It struck me so the day we arrived. We changed train at Mori and then came on here, leaving the Lago di Loppia with the green heights rising from the shores and its lovely little rocky islands, when we came suddenly in sight of the wide expanse of the Lago di Garda, which really is so large it is like an inland sea. I felt almost inclined to scream, it was all so exquisite. Then the grounds of this hotel are lovely. Gardens and walks and a little wood down by the edge of the lake, and the trellis walk with grapes hanging over our heads. There were vineyards in all directions. The grapes were then in process of being gathered, and one met carts laden with grapes or with huge casks of wine, drawn by meek-eyed oxen.

"Well, are you ready?" asked Miss Yates, for she had come up to my room and I had asked her in.

I answered that I was.

She sat next to me at the table-d'hôte and we had speedily

become acquainted. They were Catholics and pleasant girls, travelling with their mother, who had white hair. She habitually used an eye-glass with a long tortoiseshell handle, and got on very well with Uncle George, who told us she was excellent "copy," as she used many American expressions which were new to him. He kept a note-book in his pocket and put them all down. He was fully enjoying Riva, and as he was a very great walker he took a good many long walks by himself, or with me when I could accompany him ; for Priscilla seemed able to walk less and less.

"Say, Sarah," said Miss Yates to her sister as the latter met us in the hall, "where's mother?"

"She's just been saying that she won't go into Riva, for she wants to stay and read to Mrs. Playne, that lady who is sick in the room next to ours. I tell her she could go into Riva all the same and I would go with her, but she said no. Mrs. Playne is feeling low in her mind, what with neuralgia and having that bad news about her husband this morning ; and mother said she shouldn't think of going. Mother is such a one for looking after sick people," continued Miss Sarah, as she buttoned her gloves slowly. "Since we came over two years ago we have been boarding all the time, and you'd never guess what a lot of folk mother has helped one way and another. She just seems to know who the people are that want help."

"Well, now come along, Sarah ; what a time you are fixing your gloves! all this lovely afternoon is passing," said her sister.

So we started. Opposite the house were large vineyards,

and the people were busy pulling the grapes. Under the vines stood a large cart with cream-coloured oxen yoked in the curious way they yoke them here, different from the pictures I have seen of them in many other parts of the Continent.

We turned off the Torbole Road by a shrine in the wall. There was a high wall on one side and lovely forget-me-nots in the ditch under it, with vineyards behind it; on the other a hedge, behind which were also vineyards and oxen, and a brown-eyed boy with deep olive complexion jumping up and down, bare up to his thighs in the great vat of grapes. To the right were the beautiful olive-clad hills of Torbole.

"How are we to know the way?" I inquired.

"There's a blue mark on the wall all the way," said Miss Yates; "that French lady who speaks German so well told me about it."

I saw then that every here and there there were blue marks on the wall to point the way.

The little village itself was extremely picturesque, as everything was about Riva. I often wished I could draw, for it would have been awfully nice to make some sketches. We passed the entrance to Alessandro, such a charming bit! It was an arched doorway in the grey stone, with a pile of yellow and orange pumpkins in the yard and huge wine barrels; a heap of wood was piled up against the house.

We poked about the village for some time and saw a great many pretty bits. The houses were of every shade of brown and grey, with rough wooden yellow shutters;

Indian corn hung on the walls, and there were bird-cages and little balconies with scarlet flowers in them, and old worn stone steps touched with green moss. Ducks were waddling about, and to the right were vines.

We walked back very slowly and wandered into a vineyard, where they gave us grapes—huge bunches of black grapes with the bloom on them. They make a great deal of wine in this part of Austria and send it away. In spring they say it is the oil season, and the people are all working in the olive groves. The olives do not get fully ripe until January.

"Miss Warne," said Miss Yates to me, "we were planning going to Salò one day. Can you come with us?"

"I should love to," I answered. "Uncle George hates going on the water and he won't take us, and I want so much to go."

"Well, if the weather keeps as fine as it is now we can go on Thursday. You see Salò is right into Italy. You cross the frontier just after leaving Riva, and it would be just lovely, for you have never been into Italy."

"No," I replied; "we are going to Gardone Riviera for the winter. I am so glad."

"Can you talk Italian?"

"Not a word," I replied; "can you?"

"I know just enough to get out of the rain," said Miss Sarah. What funny expressions Americans use! I thought I would remember that one to tell Uncle George.

On our return the girls proposed to go on to Riva and have coffee at the little Austrian shop where there are such

nice cakes, and we did so. We sat before the shop to have our coffee. There were cobblestones, and white painted chairs and tables, and at the corner of the fawn-coloured post-office, with its maroon shutters, one could see the mountains. There were the castellated grey walls of the barracks in front of us and acacias behind the walls. We then wandered about the town, behind which rises Monte Brione, with the old ruined castle towers clinging to its heights. It was a quaint little town with narrow streets. The women wear lace on their heads, and the fruit stalls were perfectly lovely and picturesquely arranged.

"It's a pity your sister couldn't come this afternoon," said Sarah. "I expect she must find it lonesome being by herself, when you and your uncle are out."

I started. I had really forgotten all about Priscilla, or that I had told her that I would be back in time for tea, and that we would make it up in her room, as we had a tea basket. What a bother it seemed! I should not have promised, I thought, as it was such a tie to have to be back at a certain time.

Priscilla did not complain when I returned, but said that as Uncle George was out she had not thought it worth while making tea for herself alone, and that she had rung for some coffee. She preferred tea, but really I had forgotten all about it, as I had told her. We went out for a drive the next day, and it tired Priscilla so much that she had to lie down when she returned. It was quite a short drive to Arco, and we had coffee out of doors there, after we had prowled about the town, and been into the church.

"I do hope it will be fine on Thursday," I remarked, as I came to see if she was ready to go down to dinner in the long dining-room, which had arched windows giving on to the courtyard.

"Are you going anywhere particular?"

"Yes; if it is fine I am going with the Yateses; we shall take our lunch with us and have it on board, and be back in the evening. Can't you come, Priscilla?" I added.

"I should like to come very much indeed, but I am not quite up to it. This cough is so troublesome."

"Have you caught cold?" I inquired.

"I don't know—I take all the care I can," said Priscilla.

"Perhaps you sit out too much under the trees," I suggested. It would be a great nuisance, I thought to myself, if Priscilla was going to get worse and be really ill and require nursing. There was something so extremely uninteresting in nursing one's relations—not a bit the kind of thing I meant when I said I should like to be a nurse. When Uncle George had gout I always tried to keep clear of him, for he was usually as cross as the tongs and nothing I ever did was right. It would be very tiresome if sick people were cross, but I didn't fancy they would be very often; it would be only with their relations, and not with a regular trained nurse, who would know all she had to do and who could easily keep them in good temper. I wondered so often if the time would ever come that I should be able to get my heart's desire and be really a ministering angel among the sick and poor. Surely, I thought, when one wants something that is certainly very

good, and which must be pleasing to our Lord, one is sure to get it. St. Augustine said that what one might legitimately wish for, one might certainly pray for.

It was a lovely evening. Priscilla did not care to sit in the little salon, as it was not comfortable, and she said she had a book she wanted to read in her room. Priscilla was very pious, yet she never talked about religion much. She went to mass daily in England and to Communion very often, and she read her New Testament and her Imitation regularly; those two books are well worn and always by the crucifix and little picture of our Lady which she places on the little altar in her room at home. When we were travelling she always put them apart and kept a special place for them in her room. There was a difference between Priscilla and me about that and many other things. I felt she was always different from me, and yet I didn't want to be like her. I just wanted to do as little in the way of piety as I could, with as little trouble as possible. What I wanted was to work, and to work in the way I particularly wished. How lovely it would be, to be in a nurse's dress! I hoped very much to realize my wishes some day, but the time seemed very long indeed.

After dinner, as it was such bright moonlight, we all put on cloaks and went down to the lake. It looked perfectly lovely, the great dark mountains rising out of the water and the moonbeams making a path of light upon it. I was always considered very matter-of-fact, but this beautiful scenery was changing me and making me quite poetical, though of course I would not have said a word about it to any one. Every now and then great lights flashed from

the distance upon the water. They were searchlights, for there used to be a great deal of smuggling, and it was still continued to some extent. There were some musicians singing Neapolitan songs in the courtyard, and they sounded very pretty.

We stayed a good while down there. It was quite warm, and one could hardly realize that it was October. It would been so different in England.

The next morning Uncle George was very busy writing at a table on the terrace that connected two sides of the house.

"I can't get my story right this morning," he said. "I have got into a great difficulty."

He looked very serious, and I inquired what it was.

"I have laid the scene at Munich," said he, taking up the closely-written pages, "and I have made the young man Edgar Livingstone go there to find Amabel Lyne. You remember the story?"

"No, Uncle George, you did not read it to me," I answered.

"Ah, yes. I remember I read it to Priscilla yesterday morning. It's rather a good little tale," said Uncle George, with a pleased expression.

"I thought you had laid the scene here, Uncle George," I remarked, fortunately remembering that he had said he should do so before we left England.

"Oh, but I begun that at Munich and finished it at Innsbruck. This is a new story altogether. It is called 'Found.' You see, Edgar searches for Amabel in Munich and only finds her accidentally in the mortuary."

"That dreadful place where they put the people lying in their coffins with the lids off."

"Yes. You described it to me; but I want to see the place myself. You remember I did not see it at all, as we had to leave the day after you saw it, and there was no time. We had to do the old Pinakothek, and I much wanted to see the Madonna della Tenda again. You know I thought of making an incident in my Christmas story for the *Hearth-rug* turn on the hero and heroine coming to an understanding about their quarrel in that particular gallery," said Uncle George, who looks at everything in the light of 'copy,' whether it's a lovely sunset over the mountains, or Raphael's pictures, or the lovely little bits one sees at every turn in and near Riva. I am awfully enthusiastic, and it always comes upon me like a damper when I see Uncle George fumbling for his note-book and jotting down effects.

"I suppose Priscilla and I can't describe that dreadful mortuary sufficiently well for your purpose, Uncle George," I said.

"I should have had to make it answer," said he, "but that I find I must go back to Munich to see Mr. Edwardes, my lawyer, who has written to say that he will be there for a week. He expected to find me there and is annoyed not to do so. It is rather a nuisance, but I must go, and I intend starting to-morrow and getting back in a couple of days, for I don't suppose Edwardes wants me about anything very particular. It would do by writing, certainly; only I should get my local colouring more accurately if I revisited Munich, and especially the cemetery, so altogether it is best."

I packed up Uncle George's things and he went off, and was away longer than we thought he would be.

Thursday was a glorious day. The sky was perfectly blue, there was not a cloud to be seen, and the waters of the lake were perfectly calm. Sometimes they say they are very rough and there are big waves, and people on the steamer or in boats are as ill as if they were at sea. I never saw it at all like that, and that day it was perfect.

I rushed down to breakfast, which we generally took out of doors seated at little round tables with red table-covers, either under the archway or by the house. Most people did so, especially Germans, who love meals out of doors. We thought it great fun—it was so unlike anything I had ever done before in my life—a regular foreign breakfast, coffee in thick white cups, rolls and honey.

There was a babel of sound when I came down. An excited German artist was talking volubly in Italian to a tall Italian lady. Two French girls were chattering together. A lady at the furthest table was talking Hungarian to her little boy. I caught sound of the voices of the Yateses, and went up to them.

"Well, isn't this just a perfect day?" exclaimed Miss Yates. "The lake is elegant this morning, and it's going to keep so."

"You are coming, Miss Warne, or Miss Dorothea, I should say," said Sarah, "and your sister too, I hope."

"I don't know about Priscilla," I said. "I fancy she's gone to mass. When she comes back I'll ask her," said I,

just remembering that I had forgotten to go and see if I could help her with her dressing.

"We can go down in the omnibus which leaves this about twelve o'clock. It will take us right down to the steamer and we shall take our lunch with us. It will be delightful. They gave us lovely lunch one day we went an excursion, — meat and rolls and lots of grapes and figs. You had better order yours, Miss Dorothea."

"I will," I said. "When I have finished my breakfast I shall look up Priscilla, for if she's tired she may not want to go."

"I hope she'll come," said Mrs. Yates. "She's a dear creature, is your sister. I never did see any one more patient and sweet, and she must suffer a lot."

"I don't think she suffers much," I said hastily. "She is weak, that's all; I really don't think there's very much the matter with her, though the London doctor said she must come away for the winter."

"I don't much like the look of her," said Mrs. Yates, and it struck me that she was an alarmist and fond of croaking. "However, may be the warm climate will do her good. We shall go as far as Gardone Riviera to-day, so we shall have a look at the place."

"Won't it be fun getting into Italy? Malcesine is Italy, and so is Salò, and we must take Italian money. We shall want it at the ticket office, and then we are sure to want to buy things at Salò."

We talked on, and then I remembered Priscilla. I went up to her room and found to my surprise that she was

dressing. My heart smote me rather when I noticed how tired she was looking.

She smiled when I entered.

"I have only just got up; I have had my breakfast," said she, and I saw that the rolls remained untouched.

"Are you worse this morning, Priscilla?"

"I don't feel so well," she answered, rather reluctantly, I thought.

"Can you come with us to Salò? It is such a heavenly day and the lake is like a mill-pond. Do come, if you can, Priscilla; I am sure sitting in the steamer in the lovely sunshine will do you good, and you need not walk about much at Salò."

Priscilla shook her head.

"I am not up to it, Dorothea," she answered. "It is useless my thinking of it; my cough has been rather bad."

I suppose my face fell, for she continued: "Of course you will go, Dorothea, and I am glad it is so fine."

"Are you sure you don't want me?" I asked, hoping very much for an answer in the negative.

"No—I don't think so—no, really, Dorothea, I can do very well indeed. I think I shall stay in my room. You see there is this nice balcony, and I shall be quiet and get on all right; you go and enjoy yourself."

I went up to my room, for I had to write some letters and mend my dress, which I had torn the day before I could not give my attention properly to the letters, as troublesome thoughts would come into my mind.

Jean's words before I left England came before me

unpleasantly: "Do the next thing." Well, here was an opportunity of practising what those words inculcated. What a nuisance it was, to be sure!

Why couldn't Priscilla say straight out if she wanted me to stay at home? It was very tiresome. Of course she said she was glad it was fine, and took it for granted that I was going. I turned it all over in my mind very often, and I did not feel quite comfortable about going, but the temptation to go to Salò that lovely day was great. I knew that there would be another chance, for we should have to go to Gardone Riviera by the lake. But it would not be the same as going with those jolly American girls, and last night it had been arranged that two young English fellows who were at Riva for a week were to come with us. One was a medical student who was walking one of the big London hospitals, and I wanted to ask him no end of things and talk shop. Altogether the prospect was so nice that I felt I could not give it up, simply to stay with Priscilla, who really often got, I thought, very much hipped about herself. Yes, that is the word, "hipped," or, as they say in France, a "malade imaginaire." So I put all thoughts aside of anything else but the day's pleasure, and we rattled down in the omnibus at mid-day.

We had to pass the customs before being allowed to embark. The custom-house officers carefully examined our bundle of rugs and luncheon baskets and put a stamp on each. We were going over the Austrian frontier into Italy; and we had a very lovely day. We stopped at such pretty places on the edge of the water; they were so picturesque, particularly Malcesine with its olives, and Limone with all its

curious wooden serres for lemon-trees which were cultivated there and in others of these places.

We ate our lunch on board and passed Gardone Riviera quite close, the houses being close to the water's edge. At Salò we strolled about the place, went into the church, and bought figs and grapes, and had coffee in a little café opening on the narrow stony street.

The sunset was most beautiful. I never saw anything like it in my life. We were then at the wider part of the lake where it opens out to a great extent, and the whole of the water was a sheet of opal light, most beautiful and almost unearthly. I am not a bit poetical nor pious, but I thought of the "sea of glass like to crystal." It was all so unearthly, and it made me think of good things. At that moment I thought of Priscilla. I wished she could have come. She would see it later. I was glad I had not missed it, for no doubt she was all right.

As we came back in the evening the moon rose over the mountains and we had more lovely effects when everything was clearly seen in the cold white light.

To my astonishment, when we arrived at the hotel, an English lady, a Mrs. Playne, whom I hardly knew at all, came forward to meet me evidently in a hurry.

"My dear Miss Warne, I am so glad that you have returned! Your sister is very ill," said she hurriedly. A cold chill of fear struck me.

"What is it?"

"She broke a bloodvessel early this afternoon. The maid went into her room and found her very faint and ill. Then they came for me, as the only English person then

in the house. It was so fine, everyone else was out. I sent at once for a doctor."

"Let me go to her," I said, taking off my cloak and hat, and in a minute I was in her room.

For some days we were very anxious about Priscilla. During that time I experienced a very great deal which I felt I should never forget. Of course had I stayed at home that day, she would probably have broken the bloodvessel all the same, but still, she would have had me and not been at the mercy of strangers.

Many things during those days came back to my mind, many a recollection of having neglected my sister, then dearer than ever to me. She had been so patient, so unexacting, so anxious not to keep me from what I wanted to do, and not to let her illness interfere with my pleasures. And I—oh, how clearly I saw myself then, especially on one day when the doctor looked grave, and Uncle George hardly dared speak of his fears, and we both knew she was in great danger. Then indeed came before me how plainly our Lord had given the opportunity of performing one of the corporal works of mercy, and the one to which I was most particularly attracted. But I had wanted to do it in my way and He had wanted me to do it in another.

A great deal of light came to me during those anxious days, and not only light, but the will to follow it.

All this took place five years ago. For two years I nursed my sweet sister and devoted myself entirely to her. She preferred me to any nurse, which was fortunate, as Aunt Julia, who used to help us, lost nearly all her money,

and we could not have afforded a nurse. I was so glad I could do it. After her death I did not go to a hospital after all, for I could not leave Uncle George all alone. But now I look out for opportunities for being kind to the sick and caring for them, and it is astonishing how many I find!

CHURCH HISTORY AND CHURCH GOVERNMENT

By the Rev. Harold Castle, C.SS.R.

I

If any one in doubt wishes to inquire which of the various forms of Christianity is the true one, it is no good his starting with a theory in his own mind and then going to the Bible or to history to find arguments to back it up. Of course he can find arguments in plenty, not all equally good perhaps, but some no doubt good and telling. There is no case so good that difficulties may not be brought against it, nor any so bad that it has not something to be said in its favour. The *a priori* method, as it is called, may be good enough for setting out something known to be certainly true—for example, geometry—and needing only explanation, but as a method of *finding out* truth it is radically defective. The profession of an advocate is interesting and even exciting, but that does not make advocacy the best method of investigating a doubtful fact. We ought to bear in mind the epitaph chosen by the late Dr. Creighton for himself : "He tried to write true history." But if we either write or read history with conclusions already formed, there is great danger that the result will be untrue, and therefore not history at all.

All this applies to inquirers. It may be that a man does not need to inquire upon a given subject because he has already satisfied himself as to its truth. In this case let him by all means keep the certainty he has, if it is a real certainty, only even then let him be scrupulously careful not to gloss over and distort anything which tells against him. There will often be apparent difficulties, even perhaps with regard to truths for which we have the divine certainty of faith. But a difficulty is one thing and a doubt is quite another. For a Catholic deliberately to doubt an article of faith would be the gravest of sins, but we do not help faith, and we injure morality, by denying *difficulties*. Our faith must be strong enough and patient enough to endure them.

Thus there are difficulties to our finite mind as to God's providence, but they are nothing to the difficulty of a world without God ; difficulties as to creation, but they are nothing to the difficulty of pantheism or eternal matter. The existence of evil is a difficulty to the theist, but it is nothing to the difficulty the atheist ought to feel in the existence of good. Therefore we should be inclined to think that the fact that there were difficulties in the Catholic theory of Christianity would be no necessary argument against its truth. Nor would the same thing necessarily disprove the High Anglican, nor, again, the Protestant, theory. The argument must be settled on other grounds.

Only this one thing we may lay down at starting, that where we have statements or theories which are clearly contradictory—that is, where one denies in set terms what the other one affirms—they cannot both be true.

Now let us suppose we have a Jew who comes to us and says, "What are all your controversies about the true religion? I am the true religion. Whether you began in the sixteenth century or whether you began in the first, what is your antiquity to mine who go back to Moses and Abraham?"

This objection might make us reflect a little, and then we should answer : "It is true your religion was divinely given, but it was confessedly preparatory and temporal."

Moses said, "The Lord thy God will raise up to

thee a Prophet of thy nation and of thy brethren like unto me; Him shalt thou hear."[1] Has He raised Him up? If so, you must hear Him. "The seed of the woman shall crush the serpent's head."[2] Was Mary, was the Galilean maiden Miriam of Nazareth the second Eve in whom the prophecy was fulfilled? "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah till Shiloh come."[3] It has departed. Has He then not come?

The whole Jewish religion was a preparation for the Messiah, who should not destroy, but fulfil all things. Their whole history, all their sacrifices and ritual, all their prophecies, all their literature, was one tide of expectation, ever gathering volume as it moved. They are expecting Him still. But we know that He has come.

And so let us suppose we convince our Jew of the fact that Jesus of Nazareth was indeed the Messiah, the Christ, God made man, and he sits down to study the records of inspired Scripture and human history, that he may see to which of the bodies which claim the name of Christian Christ would have him belong.

The first thing he notices, as the author of *Ecce Homo* so well brings out, is the absolute, uncompromising way in which Christ spoke. He demanded nothing less than the complete surrender of the whole heart. From His immediate and more intimate followers He demanded the giving up of all property, the severing of every tie, the abnegation of all self-love. "Go, sell what thou hast."[4] "If any man come to Me and hate not his father and mother."[5] "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."[6] This He said not as though He who made natural joys and natural affections had not made them good, but because they are so good He encourages us to show our love by sacrifice. And what He said the Apostles accepted. They left all and followed Him, and numbers in all ages have striven to do the same.

This was for the few, but even for the many He was equally uncompromising, though the standard was more

[1] Deut. xviii. 15.
[2] Gen. iii. 15, in the Hebrew.
[3] Gen. xlix. 10.
[4] Matt. xix. 21.
[5] Luke xiv. 26.
[6] Matt. xvi. 24.

within their reach. All were to be perfect in their measure and degree. In fact, in all His teaching there was nothing vague, nothing tentative, nothing impersonal. As the author above quoted remarks, it was not "Socrates thinks," or "Chrysippus advises," it was rather: "You have heard it said to them of old, . . . but I say to you. . . ."[1] "He taught as one with authority," said the people, "and not as the scribes."[2]

And as there was no doubt about His doctrines, so there was none about His claims. His claims were the most tremendous which were ever heard or could be heard on earth. As man He was head of the human race, as God He was its creator, its lawgiver, and its judge. But much more than that, He was man's Saviour also. Only through Him and through His sacrifice could we escape endless misery; and easy as are the conditions He imposes, no one can wilfully neglect them and not be lost. He is the way, the truth, and the life. No man comes to the Father but by Him. Therefore the following of His way, the holding of His truth, the attaining of His life is no academic question, but one in which wilful and culpable failure would make it better for us if we had never been born.

Now Our Lord came to close the Jewish dispensation, or rather to extend it so as to include all mankind. All men were to belong to Him, and to be saved by Him if they would. How did He set about attaching them to Himself? God's ways are not our ways. Alexanders and Napoleons overrun the world. They die, and their work crumbles to pieces. Jesus lived thirty years of complete obscurity and three of humble preaching to fishermen and peasants, after which He died between two thieves. But His work will live for ever.

Still it was evident the work would not be done in in His own time, particularly as His life would be so short. Even of His own generation only a few thousands in Palestine heard His voice, and only a few scores of these obeyed. Besides, even if He had preached over the whole world's extent in space, there

[1] Matt. v. 21, 22. [2] Mark i. 22.

was still to be considered the world's extent in time. All mankind belonged to Him. But mankind would go on till the day of judgement, and He was going away. It was evident, then, that some one must take His place.

Here we need not give ourselves difficulties as to why Christ did not come before, nor preach more widely. If He was to come at all it had to be at some time, and whatever time He chose the objection could be brought that it might have been some other. We might bring forward many things which show the appropriateness of the time He did choose, but that need not detain us now. All men must be saved through Him, but all men receive sufficient grace to be saved through Him, whether they live before Him, or with Him, or since. It is a greater grace to die in the explicit faith of Christ than to be saved by making a faithful use of the dimmer light which comes to all, but God is not bound to give His best gifts to every one. All who are saved will have enough to thank God for through all eternity. No one is lost except by his own fault.

Our Lord, then, had to make provision for carrying on His work after He left the earth. He trained His twelve apostles, and we find that this was the principal task of His short public life. What were His relations with them? On His side the deepest tenderness and patience, on theirs a boundless love. He was their all. For Him they had left everything. Their attachment to Him was even too human, and He told them that it was expedient for them that He should go away. When they found He was really going to leave them they were overwhelmed. They said they would lay down their lives for Him, and they meant it. He Himself testified of them that their spirit was willing though the flesh was weak. And though their courage failed them for the moment, in the end they made good their words.

If we look at the government of this little society we see that it was a pure autocracy. It was an absolute monarchy, not a limited one, much less a republic. How could it be otherwise when the ruler was God. Our Lord was, and is, Prophet and Priest, but above all

He is King. He proclaimed Himself such over and over again, and His enemies used it against Him. "Art Thou a king?" said Pilate, and He answered, "Thou sayest it." His name for the new dispensation He was inaugurating was "the kingdom of heaven." "The kingdom of heaven is within you," "the kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation," "the kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed." And finally, when He died there was set up over His cross, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews"—a title which the Roman Governor refused to change, moved by an impulse which perhaps he could not himself explain.

We see, then, that Our Lord claimed to be a king, and taught with authority, and that He devoted the greater part of His public life to training a little band of followers who should carry on His work when He had left the earth. What powers and what credentials did He leave them? The answer is that as regards everything that could be communicated they were to have all that belonged to Him. They were to be His representatives, His ambassadors, invested with His authority, speaking in His name. All mankind belonged to Him: "He hath given all judgement to His Son." [1] It was all to belong to them. "Go ye and teach all nations . . . teaching them to observe whatsoever I have commanded you." [2]

He spoke with authority.[3] They were to speak with authority: "He that heareth you heareth Me; and he that despiseth you despiseth Me: and he that despiseth Me despiseth Him that sent Me." [4] Salvation could only be through Him: "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father but by Me." [5] Salvation could only be through them: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned." [6]

He forgave sins.[7] They were to forgive sins: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose

[1] John v. 22. [2] Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. [3] Matt. vii. 29.
[4] Luke x. 16. [5] John xiv. 6.
[6] Mark xvi. 15, 16. [7] Mark ii. 5.

sins you shall retain they are retained" ;[1] and inflict and remit censures : "Whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven."[2] And to show in whose power and by whose authority they did this He proclaimed His abiding presence with them to the end of time : "Behold I am with you all days, even to the end of the world."[3]

The Church has always acted on this belief. The powers claimed by the Councils of Trent and the Vatican, like those claimed by Florence and Lyons and the Lateran in the Middle Ages or Ephesus and Nicæa in early times, may seem startling at first sight, but it must be admitted that they said nothing stronger than that first Council at Jerusalem twenty years after Our Lord's death, which began its synodal decrees with the words, "It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us."[4]

Our Lord then went away, and the Apostolic College took His place. This they did collectively. It was to all He said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," "Whatsoever you shall bind on earth," "Go ye and teach all nations," "Whosoever heareth you heareth Me." And St. Paul tells us the Church is built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone.[5]

Was, then, His office of spiritual head of the human race put as it were in commission, as being too great for any one man to hold, even as viceroy ?—for of course Our Lord Himself never ceases to be King.

Did the Apostolic College become a pure oligarchy replacing Christ, just as the Lords of the Admiralty replaced the Lord High Admiral in England, or, to take a greater instance, as the Senate gradually replaced kings in Rome ? In which case who are their successors ? It is, of course, the whole tradition of Christendom that bishops are the successors of the Apostles. But it is one thing to administer the government of a great spiritual kingdom—for so by Our

[1] John xx. 23. [2] Matt. xviii. 18. [3] Matt. xxviii. 20.
[4] Acts xv. 28. [5] Eph. ii. 20.

Lord's words the Church is—by twelve men of great sanctity, trained in the same school, and bound together by the closest ties, men divinely preserved from error in their teaching, confirmed in grace in their acts, and even inspired in the writings they have left, and quite another matter to entrust the same supreme power to something like a thousand bishops, with no individual guarantee of infallibility or impeccability, speaking different languages, often under pressure from secular governments, and scattered over the world. To expect unity of policy or action, or even of belief, under such circumstances is to postulate a very great miracle indeed. A ship without a captain would soon run on the rocks; an army without a general would soon become a mob; even a debating society requires a president. Did no one, then, take Our Lord's place? Let us confine ourselves first of all to the Apostles.

Now to *fill* Our Lord's place was beyond the power of any one, even of an Apostle; but if we ask whether any one *took* His place, we are bound to answer that one did, and that one was St. Peter. St. Peter, the spokesman of the followers to the Master while the latter was on earth,[1] becomes the representative of the Master to the followers after the Ascension into heaven. He proposes a successor to Judas.[2] He preaches to the people at Pentecost.[3] He with St. John heals the lame man at the Temple gate.[4] He appears before the Sanhedrim.[5] He receives Cornelius, the first Gentile, into the Church.[6] He, with St. James the Great, is seized by Herod as the chief representative of the Church, known as such to the Jews: "And seeing that it pleased the Jews, he proceeded to take Peter also."[7] St. Paul, after his conversion, went specially to Jerusalem to see him.[8] He made the first formal speech in the Council of Jerusalem.[9] On a modern window in Cuddesdon parish church is an inscription, "Peter, Prince of the Apostles," and we cannot doubt that this title is correct.

[1] Matt. xvi. 16, 17, 23; xviii. 21; xxvi. 33.
[2] Acts i. 15. [3] Acts ii. 14. [4] Acts iii. 6.
[5] Acts iv. 8. [6] Acts x. [7] Acts xii. 3.
[8] Gal. i. 18. [9] Acts xv. 7.

Was this leadership self-chosen? Or, again, was it the result of election? We can hardly ascribe personal ambition, however legitimate, to the repentant Apostle, whose letters[1] breathe humility in every line, and of whom a beautiful tradition says that lifelong weeping for his betrayal had worn furrows in his cheeks. Nor is there a word about election in the Acts. It is almost immediately after the Ascension that, as has been said, Peter stood up and spoke with authority.[2] Was, then, this office of headship conferred on him by Our Lord? We have good reason to believe it was. In the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew, some time before the words (as recorded in the eighteenth chapter) "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth"[3] were spoken to all the Apostles, Our Lord made use of these same words to St. Peter alone, prefacing them by that well-known saying, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven."[4] Keys signify authority all the world over. The words "Peter" and "Rock" are of course the same in Aramaic, as they are in French among modern languages. The play upon words was serious in ancient times, as indeed it is in Shakespeare and Milton, and not as among us. Names in Holy Scripture are considered as corresponding to real qualities in their possessors, and when they are imposed by God Himself He, if necessary, makes their meaning good. We see this in the case of Abraham, father of nations; of Israel, mighty with God; of Jesus, Saviour of mankind. And so it is with Peter, the rock or stone, the one next to the corner-stone on which Christ would build His Church.

Nor was this the only occasion on which Our Lord chose out this particular Apostle. In St. Luke xxii. 31 we read that just before His Passion He said to Peter, "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you (plural), that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for *thee*, that thy faith fail not: and then when thou art con-

[1] 1 and 2 Pet.
[2] Acts i. 15.
[3] Matt. xviii. 18.
[4] Matt. xvi. 18, 19.

verted, confirm (or make strong) thy brethren." Last of all, in St. John [1] we are told that after His resurrection He said to Peter three times, "Feed My lambs, be a shepherd to My lambs, feed My sheep."

It is possible to disagree with the belief which sees in St. Peter a divinely-constituted head of the Church, but in view of what has been said, the belief, whether accepted or not, can neither be called unscriptural nor absurd.

What became of St. Peter? The overwhelming consensus of antiquity, whose authority a long line of learned Protestant historians admits, says that he made Rome his headquarters, and there laid down his life. He says in his First Epistle: "The Church that is in Babylon . . . salutes you." [2] We have no knowledge of any Church at that time among the ruins of ancient Babylon, nor of any visit of St. Peter to its site, but Babylon in the Apocalypse of St. John is clearly Rome, and we are told that this manner of designating the Imperial City was familiar to the Jews of that day. At any rate it is so that the Fathers understood it where it occurs at the end of Peter's First Epistle. But the most conclusive testimony is that of St. Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, who died in 202 A.D. St. Irenæus's early years were passed in Asia Minor, where, as he tells us, he knew St. Polycarp, who was put to death in the middle of the second century, and was the disciple of St. John. Anything, then, St. Irenæus tells us about the Apostles we may well believe would not contradict anything within the knowledge of St. John, and St. John must have known all about his great friend St. Peter, to whose death by crucifixion the last chapter of his Gospel plainly refers. [3] These are Irenæus's words: "The Church founded and constituted at Rome by the two most glorious Apostles Peter and Paul." [4] We also know that in the third century St. Peter's tomb was shown on the Vatican hill across the Tiber, near the ancient Jewish quarter. Lastly—and this is perhaps as important evidence as any—no other city or Church

[1] John xxi. 15 *sqq.*
[2] 1 Pet. v. 13.
[3] John xxi. 18, 19.
[4] Iren. c. Haer. iii. 3.

ever asserted that it had his relics, or disputed in this respect the claims of Rome.

But it may be said, How does all this prove he was Bishop of Rome? He was an Apostle, and Apostles travelled about. Again, St. Paul wrote to Rome and never mentions St. Peter. I do not say the silence of St. Paul is not in some respects a difficulty. It would be a great difficulty if we suppose that St. Peter, if he were Bishop, must have been there when St. Paul wrote his Epistle. But no one who believes that St. Peter went to Rome holds that he was always there. We know he was not. To begin with, about the year 46 all Jews were expelled from the Capital by the Emperor Claudius, as we learn from Dion Cassius, and also from the Acts.[1] Again, we find St. Peter at Antioch[2] and at the Council of Jerusalem,[3] held perhaps in the year 50. To do justice to those who hold that St. Peter was Bishop of Rome we must understand what that means. The root idea of a bishopric, particularly in the case of an Apostle who has universal authority, is not so much a limited circumscribed area in which alone he can exercise jurisdiction, as a place where he fixes his seat, where he sets up his chair (*cathedra*) in a church which is thence called a cathedral. The original churches were set up by the Apostles and their immediate followers in populous towns where they had made a few disciples, and the cathedral itself was generally the house of some influential convert. It was only later when whole territories were Christian that it was necessary to define boundaries with accuracy. In a word, the see is older than the diocese.

So it was in Rome. St. Peter set up his chair there, and the feast is still kept on the 18th of January. Some think he went there directly after his escape from prison, probably in the year 42. And the tradition of the Roman Church is that after many travels in the meantime he was put to death in Rome the same day as St. Paul, on the 29th of June, A.D. 67, in the last year of Nero's reign.

St. Peter died, and few of the other Apostles survived

[1] Acts xviii. 2. [2] Gal. ii. 11. [3] Acts xv.

him. Only St. John lived on for another thirty years. Before we consider how the Church passed through this second great crisis in her fortunes—the death of the last of the Apostles—we must look for a moment at the career of that extraordinary man St. Paul.

St. Paul was one of the greatest men who ever lived. God, who built His Church on twelve poor fishermen, to show us that human means are nothing to Him, and need be nothing to us, proceeded to raise up for her one of the great geniuses and leaders of mankind, to show us that human means in their proper place are not to be neglected. We must go far down the centuries to find a parallel to him in the Church, and we shall look in vain for an equal. St. Francis Xavier may have been as great a missionary, Hildebrand as great an organizer, St. Francis of Assisi as great a mystic, St. Augustine an even greater thinker, but who would combine all these qualities as did St. Paul? He was not only a genius with the energy of a conqueror and courage of a soldier, and that royal tact which always says the right thing, but he was the most lovable of men. Few have inspired such lifelong and devoted friendships. Few leaders have had such tender love for their disciples —those little children whom he carried in his heart. His fourteen epistles, not only for theology and devotion, but as the index of a human soul, are unsurpassed in literature. In short, we may say that while God has need of no man, yet He has deigned to use St. Paul, as He used no one else, to lay broad and deep the foundations of the Catholic Church.

Some writers have made St. Paul visit Britain, but the wish is father to the thought. There is no real proof that he ever went so far. There is indeed a saying of St. Clement, the fourth Bishop of Rome, who died about the year 100, that St. Paul went "to the limits of the West." But it would not be natural to one living in Rome to use this phrase of Britain, which lies so far to the north, and the words apply much more naturally to a journey, which we know the Apostle at least contemplated, into Spain.[1]

[1] Rom. xv. 24, 28.

The one Western Church which we know for certain St. Paul did visit is the one to which he wrote the greatest of his epistles, the one whose faith he said was spoken of in the whole world,[1] the one where he spent two years at least in semi-imprisonment,[2] and in whose midst later on he laid down his life,[3] and that is the Church of Rome.

If, as Catholics believe and as Holy Scripture certainly warrants them in believing, Christ instituted a primacy in St. Peter, we cannot but suppose that He intended it to be handed on in the Church in some succession ; for the fundamental principles of government instituted by the founder of a religion cannot be looked upon as temporary, and the need of union would be greater as numbers increased, and His personal followers passed away. But if Our Lord instituted a primacy not only among the Apostles who would die, but in the Church which would never die, then, human nature being what it is, there were two great dangers to which that primacy was exposed. There were two possible sources of schism and disunion by which the viceroyalty of His chief Apostle might be affected. The first was the overpowering personality of St. Paul ; the second was the overpowering personality, if we may so use the word, of the city of Rome. When the Emperors became Christian a third danger was added, but that time was yet far distant.

When we speak of the personality of St. Paul we do not mean any danger of personal disloyalty ; that would be a thought dishonouring indeed to so great a Saint, and he would not have remained an Apostle had such a thing been possible. The danger was not with him, but with his followers, perhaps with his successors if he had founded a see. That the danger is not an imaginary one is shown by his epistles ; and his reproach of those who said, "I indeed am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I am of Cephas" ;[4] and his expostulation, "is Christ divided?[5] Was Paul then crucified for you?" he would and does address to those who use his name for separatist purposes to-day.

[1] Rom. i. 8. [2] Acts xxviii. 30. [3] 2 Tim. i. 17, iv. 6.
[4] 1 Cor. i. 12. [5] 1 Cor. v. 13.

The next danger was from Rome itself. The civilized world owned its sway. Within the Empire nations as we understand them, with the partial exception of the Greeks and Jews, were unknown. Beyond it were Parthians and barbarians. We may leave out of account the separately developed civilizations of India, China, and America, then almost entirely unknown. The two former empires have scarcely yet come into Christendom; Mexico and Peru were absorbed and destroyed sixteen centuries after the time of which we speak. In the first century the civilized world was Roman; we may even say it was Rome. If the world when it was converted was to be governed spiritually by bishops, those who ruled in the Capital would be formidable rivals to the sovereignty of any others, even if that sovereignty were divine.

How were these dangers met? The Catholic Church believes that it was divine providence which inspired St. Peter to fix his seat in Rome, and hand on his primacy to those who succeeded him there, while at the same time it brought his great colleague St. Paul to the same city to preach and die. For Rome has ever regarded the Apostle of the Gentiles as in a sense her joint founder, and never separates him from St. Peter in her prayers. Thus three strands meet in the Church of Rome, the authority of St. Peter, the prestige of the Imperial City, and the influence of St. Paul. But the second and third are only human adjuncts to her greatness. It is from St. Peter alone, by Christ's command, that there comes the authority and universal jurisdiction which is divine.

St. Peter died and was buried on the Vatican Hill, and St. Paul on the Ostian Way. The other Apostles, too, laid down their lives till only St. John in Ephesus was left. When he too died, about 100 A.D., the Church was widowed indeed. We might well imagine that this was a crisis second only to Calvary, but the Church herself seemed to feel no shock. Only amid persecutions literature does not flourish. Records were few or have perished. The Fathers of that age wrote little, or little has come down to us. Scripture in the second century has ceased. Patrology has scarcely begun.

Most disappointing of all, no one occupies himself with Church history and carries on the work of St. Luke. For Eusebius is a long way off, and good as he is, when he does come we could wish he were better. So we enter on a twilight of two centuries, only to emerge in 325 with the Council of Nicæa and the peace of the Church.

Now in a twilight we cannot expect to see things as distinctly as in the full light of day. Cardinal Newman compares our view of the Primitive Church to looking at things through the wrong end of a telescope; everything seems very small, and some things disappear altogether. Matters which look clear in the New Testament, and clear again in the fourth century, here become obscured, and among them are the details of the government of the Church. This we know, that the Jewish element in the Church becomes less and less. Again, we know that everywhere there are bishops held in great honour, though many of their functions seem more those of our modern parish priests. The bishop alone in ordinary circumstances, or in his absence his deputy, preaches, baptizes, and even says Mass, the last, probably, with his presbyters around him joining in the consecration, as in an ordination Mass to-day. We know, too, that there were hierarchical grades among bishops, though by their orders all were equal, and that the sees of Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria were pre-eminent among the rest. Above all, we know that the whole Church was profoundly one in doctrine and charity, that excommunication was looked on as a terrible punishment, and schism as the worst of evils. Yet even in those days there were quarrels and disputes, sometimes amounting to formal schism, but more often not. Finally, round the Church then, as now, was a fringe of separated bodies, some with orders, some without, some holding to the name of Christian, others scarcely doing so. Ebionites, Gnostics, Montanists, Tertullianists, Sabellians—some claiming to be the true Church, others part of the true Church, others not caring whether there were any true Church, but all alike regarded by the true Church, then and since, as heretics and schismatics, and in their formal capacity outside the pale of salvation.

But is there any evidence in the second and third century for the supremacy of the See of Rome? Not much direct evidence, it is true, for that as for any other doctrine, but as much for that as for most doctrines, and enough to make any candid man pause. St. Clement of Rome, the third bishop after St. Peter, even in the first century writes authoritatively to Corinth in the name of the Roman Church, and if he were only a local bishop, Corinth was certainly not in his diocese. We find bishops coming to Rome to consult Popes. Heretics too are dealt with. The rulers even of the greatest sees, as Carthage, Ephesus, and Alexandria, are warned or admonished. St. Victor, at the end of the second century, threatened the Asiatics with excommunication for their method of keeping Easter, but owing to the remonstrances of St. Irenæus the threat does not seem to have been carried into effect. St. Victor has been called harsh for this, but the question is of his right, not of his manner of exercising it. When we say a man acts harshly we generally presuppose his right. If he has no right and we wish to blame his conduct we call it unjust or absurd. It has been said that the remonstrance of St. Irenæus in this case, like St. Paul's rebuke of St. Peter at Antioch[1] or St. Cyprian's opposition to Pope Stephen show that there was no superior authority in the person opposed, but this again does not follow. Every superior may be admonished, and as no man on earth is perfect, he no doubt sometimes should be admonished; and that man is truly loyal who performs this thankless office, when necessary, in the proper way. Again, apart from admonition or advice, which is often right, a superior may be opposed or resisted, which is nearly always wrong. Such things will happen from time to time even among saints, but the opposition does not prove that the person opposed has no authority. If he were altogether a nonentity there would be nothing to oppose. If the Popes had been merely bishops of Rome it would not have taken a century of war and violence to get rid of their authority in the sixteenth century throughout Northern Europe.

[1] Gal. ii. 11.

Nor would there have been any need for violence on St. Cyprian's part in the third. Every one admits that St. Cyprian, saint and theologian though he was, fell into error on the main question, in holding rebaptism lawful, while the Pope was right. But if St. Cyprian was wrong in the point on which he opposed the Pope, perhaps he was also wrong in opposing.

There are some other pieces of evidence besides. There is the well-known passage of St. Irenæus in which, speaking of Rome, he says: "With that Church must all agree, because of its more powerful lordship." Other translations are suggested expressly to weaken the force of this passage, but the sense remains practically the same. Again, Tertullian, who about the year 200 quarrelled with the Pope and left the Church, calls the Roman Pontiff Zephyrinus, "bishop of bishops." What ground had he for this sarcasm? We must suppose he had some. About sixty years later there is another piece of evidence. The Emperor Aurelian, who was, of course, a pagan, had conquered Zenobia, Queen of the East, whose chief adviser was a heterodox Christian bishop, Paul of Samosata. This bishop was condemned for his theological errors in a local council and deprived, but he refused to give up the temporalities of his see. The case was brought before the Emperor. Just as our courts in deciding upon the validity of a foreign contract take cognizance of and apply the law of the jurisdiction in which the contract was made, so it would appear did Aurelian. He applied the Christian law and decided, that he should hold the temporalities as bishop who received letters of communion from the Italian bishops and from the Roman see.

II

With the conversion of Constantine at the beginning of the fourth century a new era opened for the Church, and, as was said before, a new danger. The Emperors, as long as they could keep their army contented—and the danger from the army ceased with Constantine—

were all-powerful to a degree to which we have no modern parallel, and it was to be feared that he who had been so long the *pontifex maximus* of paganism might aspire to the same position in the Catholic Church. The natural tendency to loyalty would be greatly enhanced when the sovereign was a Christian, and besides this good instinct there were the bad instincts of ambition and self-seeking, which would come to worldly bishops in attendance on a court. These were dangers for the hierarchy, and for all Christians there were dangers of relaxation and worldliness, and that diminution not only of fervour, but of faith, which prosperity always brings. What actually happened showed that the danger was real. The position given to Constantine at the Council of Nicæa by the loyalty of his Eastern bishops was only saved from being a false one by his modesty and good sense. The position assumed by his descendants led to open war.

But there were two things which preserved the Church from the danger of over-loyalty. The first was that the new Emperors, though Christian, were heterodox. An Arian persecutor, even though a son of Constantine, was, after all, not much better than a heathen Decius. The second was that of their own motion the Emperors moved their capital nine hundred miles from Rome.

The very growth of reverence for the name of Rome, and the spread of Roman citizenship had to some extent diminished regard for Rome as a local centre. The lustre of the pagan city was waning, the glory of Christian Rome had scarcely begun. As military spirit died out among the subjects of the Empire the barbarians grew relatively more strong, and it became more and more necessary for the Emperor—who, whatever else he was, was always a soldier—to make some fortress his headquarters from which the frontier could be defended. Thus Milan, Treves, Sirmium on the Danube, and even Nicomedia in Asia Minor, became Imperial capitals, until the first Christian Emperor founds New Rome on the Bosphorus and supersedes them all. The foundation of Constantinople took

place in 324, the year before Nicæa. The strength still latent in the Empire, which only needed a rallying point, and the goodness of the rallying point then chosen, is shown by the fact that Constantinople stood out against Goths, Persians, and the whole strength of the Mahommedan East for eleven hundred and thirty years. It was not till May 29, 1453, that the last of the Constantines, having spent the night in prayer, and received Holy Communion as morning dawned, fell bravely at the head of his troops, and St. Sophia became a mosque.

¶ The Emperors and their Court then move Eastward, and leave Rome to her Bishops. To trace the fortunes of the city and the Holy See through the sixteen centuries which follow would be the work of a lifetime. It is sufficient to say that in the fifth century Papal supremacy is as clear as day. Men may call it an usurpation, but the very explanation presupposes the fact. Henceforth facts indeed are plain, and honest historians, whatever their theological differences, can meet on common ground.

The first four General Councils, Nicæa (325), Constantinople (381), Ephesus (431), and Chalcedon (451), were all held in the East, and composed almost entirely of Eastern bishops. For though nationalities in our modern sense were almost unknown in the first centuries of the Roman Empire, there is a partial exception in the case of the Greeks and Jews. The Jews, after two terrible revolts, as a nation were blotted out of the Empire, and after fifty years of wavering and strife, had as a race turned their back on the Church. Henceforth the relation between Christian and Jew was an unrelenting hatred which has not yet died out, a smouldering antipathy which in the weaker race continued to smoulder as cruel extortion, and blazed up from time to time in massacre on the part of Christian mobs. It was only a few in the Middle Ages like St. Bernard, St. Hugh of Lincoln, and Innocent III, who rose above the prejudices of their time and protected a persecuted race.

The Greeks did not provoke their own destruction by Hebrew stubbornness, but they have shown no less

than the Jews a national vitality which no conquest has been able to extinguish. They even succeeded in part in denationalizing their conquerors. From the time of Justinian in the sixth century the Byzantine Emperors still call themselves Romans, but their language and civilization, and in the end their Church, is exclusively Greek. Of course the language of the peoples between the Adriatic and the Euphrates had never been Latin except among such official classes as speak English in India to-day. On the other hand, even where native languages were still spoken, as in Syria and Asia Minor, the conquests of Alexander had everywhere spread Greek. In this sense there had always been a Greek Church. But the difference of language in no way interrupted the fullest communion with Rome and the other Churches of the West. It would, indeed, be an anachronism to look on the Greek language as tending to separation in the Church in days when it had no such tendency even in the State. Rome had nothing to fear politically from Greek influence, as long as her own tide of life and Empire still flowed strong. When Rome feared, she destroyed; when she had nothing to fear, she could afford to unbend. From the days of Scipio she had been genuinely, and even generously, philhellenic. The Capital itself was almost bilingual, and Greek was on a level with the Imperial tongue, like French in Canada, as one of the two official languages in all the Eastern provinces. Not only was Rome itself practically bilingual, but the Roman Church, largely recruited from foreigners and slaves, for two centuries seems to have been Greek. Her early fathers write in Greek, her Bishops have mostly Greek names, and the *Kyrie eleison* has come down in the liturgy to this day. It was in Africa with Tertullian and St. Cyprian, and the Vulgate translation of the Bible, that Latin Christianity began.

But while Greek and Latin were in the early centuries one in faith and communion, the seeds of division were also there in racial dislike. The antipathies have been the devil's great weapon against the Church from the beginning, even from the days when there arose a

murmuring of the Greeks against the Hebrews, though both were Jews,[1] or from Nathanael's remark, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"[2] which could not have been pleasant if repeated to an inhabitant of that town. But when by the founding of Constantinople the Greek race began gradually to be once more a nation, national jealousy was added to racial dislike. Lastly, when for various reasons Imperial hostility to the See of Rome came to crown the whole, the fuel was laid which only needed a spark to kindle into flame. Not that there were not faults on both sides. There were. But petty grievances do not justify rebellion, particularly against the Vicar of Christ.

We have not the acts of the Council of Nicæa, so we do not know precisely the part taken therein by the Pope. Those who use the argument from silence to prove that he took no part prove too much, for at any rate he held one of the great patriarchates, as they were beginning now to be called, and was the occupant of an apostolic see. This at least we know, that Hosius of Cordova, the occupant of a comparatively unimportant Spanish bishopric, and Vitus and Vincentius, two simple Roman priests, signed the decrees of the Council before the Patriarchs of Antioch and Alexandria and all the bishops of the East, and that in an Eastern Council. We cannot, then, deny some show of reason to those who hold that they did so as the legates of the Pope.

The Council of Nicæa put down Arianism as far as the voice of bishops could do so, and settled the Easter controversy. The next Council—that of Constantinople in 381, against Macedonius, who denied the divinity of the Holy Ghost—was a purely Eastern synod, and only became œcumenical by the subsequent acceptance of the Church. We should not expect, then, on any theory, to find evidence of direct Papal action there, and we do not find it. But at the Council of Ephesius in 431, which asserted against Nestorius, the unity of Christ's person and Our Lady's title of *Theotokos*, St. Cyril of Alexandria was clearly the representative of the Pope, and we know of two other legates, Arcadius and Pro-

[1] Acts vi. 1 [2] John i. 46.

jectus, as well. While in the fourth General Council, also held in the East—that of Chalcedon in 451—the "dogmatic epistle" of the Pope against the Monophysite Eutyches was accepted as the Council's own decree, all the fathers with one voice exclaiming, "Peter hath spoken by the mouth of Leo!" What more could any Roman Catholic say to-day?

Nor was this the last Council, as is sometimes said, of the "undivided Church." Pope Vigilius himself attended the fifth General Council held at Constantinople in 553. St. Agatho sent legates to the sixth, also held in Constantinople in 680, and his successor, St. Leo II, confirmed the Council's acts. A century later, in the year 785, the Empress Irene sent ambassadors from Constantinople to Pope Adrian I asking for a new General Council against the Iconoclasts. He assented, and it was held two years later (787), the second of Nicæa, Peter the Archpriest and Peter the Abbot being the Papal legates.

In the year 800, on Christmas-day, came the coronation of Charlemagne as Roman Emperor in the West, a creation which, while it bound the Franks closer to the Church, must to some extent have alienated the Greeks. As a fact, it does not seem to have alienated them as much as might be supposed. It was not so much political differences as private ambition, working on religious and racial dislike, which made the final breach. Photius, the beginner of the schism, was one of the world's great scholars, and might have been the Chrysostom of his age, but he was tempted by ambition and became the Cranmer. His career was a chequered one. He was not quite forty years old when, still a layman, he was intruded by the Emperor Michael into the See of Constantinople, in place of the lawful Patriarch St. Ignatius. This was in 857. By disingenuous letters to the Pope, and by corrupting the legates who were sent to him, he managed to escape condemnation for six years, and even after his condemnation in 863 to retain his see. But in 867 there came one of those palace tragedies which are unhappily so familiar in the East: Michael was murdered by Basil, Photius fell with his patron, and Ignatius was restored.

The schism seemed at an end when the eighth General Council in 869, called the fourth of Constantinople, pronounced solemnly against Photius, and formally recognized the supremacy of the Roman See. But in an age of revolutions no particular turn of the wheel need be final. In 877 St. Ignatius died, and Photius, who had won the favour of Basil, returned to power. The Pope would have recognized him for the sake of peace, but Photius, courtier though he was, was too embittered to submit. By fresh deceits he averted anathema for three years, and after that defied it. The last phase of fortune came with Basil's death in 886, five years before his own. With a new reign Photius was again deposed and sent into exile, and in 891 he closed a wasted life. The schism then ended for a time, but its seeds remained, though it was not till the pontificate of St. Leo IX the Pope, who at the request of St. Edward the Confessor, transferred the See of Crediton to Exeter, that the patriarch, Michael Cærularius, about the year 1050, broke finally with all the Churches of the West. Later attempts to heal the schism were made, and at the first Council of Lyons in 1245, the second of Lyons in 1274, and the Council of Florence in 1438, the thirteenth, fourteenth, and seventeenth General Councils, reunion was effected, but in each case it did not last long. The Council of Florence is of peculiar interest, however, for if ever there was a gathering of Christian bishops which ought to satisfy Anglican definitions of the whole Church, it was this. There were present at it bishops of the Church in England and of all the other Western Churches, the vicars of the Patriarchs of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria, together with Isidore, Archbishop of Moscow, Bessarion, Archbishop of Nicæa, and many other Eastern bishops. There were present besides, in person, John Palæologus, the Greek Emperor and his brother Demetrius, Joseph Patriarch of Constantinople, and Pope Eugenius the Fourth. And this great Council passed, with only the one dissentient voice of Mark, Archbishop of Ephesus, the following decree drawn up in Latin and Greek: "We define that the Roman Pontiff is the head of the whole Church, and that to

him in Blessed Peter full power of feeding, ruling, and governing the Universal Church was given by Christ." It is true that after a short time the East, led by Mark of Ephesus, again fell away, but the Emperors remained faithful to the end, and the Patriarchs of Constantinople probably for some time even after the fall of the city. So the heroic Constantine Palæologus II, the last of the Byzantine Cæsars, died in communion with the Holy See.

Thus Papal supremacy was recognized in the East more formally and to a later date than many people think. How was it in the West? We find that the same St. Leo, whose voice was recognized as that of St. Peter himself at Chalcedon, and who saved Italy from the Huns, asserted his authority against Hilary, Archbishop of Arles. The Primate of Gaul was himself a saint, and submitted to a reproof he keenly felt. If, however, there had been question of the infringement of the rights of his see by a foreign bishop, his duty would have been not to submit, but to maintain his Church's authority with all his power.

It is the custom among a certain school of writers to represent the supremacy so clearly asserted by St. Leo and his successors as an usurpation, an aggrandizement of their office, not from mere personal motives, but with the view of benefiting the whole Catholic Church; for most writers admit that in the Middle Ages the Papacy was a benefit both to the Church and to Society. This, at any rate, shows remarkable prescience in St. Leo, for the Middle Ages were yet a good way off. But to deliberately alter the government of the Church, a government which on any sort of Catholic principles must have been established by Christ, is a serious thing for even a saint to do; while in making changes to claim persistently that there is no change, and that acts of human aggrandizement are done by divine ordinance and divine right, would argue a culpable theological ignorance or unscrupulousness very far removed from saintliness. It is worth considering, then, whether after all there *was* any essential change, though development there has assuredly been in this as in all else. Suppose the explanation is that the

Popes really had been given that authority by God which from the time when clear records begin they so consistently claim. None of those who deny it can say that *a priori* it is impossible. Millions of Christians with their bishops at their head have in all ages submitted their actions and conscience to it as a fact.

If we think that St. Leo was neither untruthful nor mistaken in claiming as St. Peter's successor a supremacy of divine right, and if we see evidence of the same authority—little exercised indeed in an age of persecution and simple faith—in the few notices of Papal action which have come down to us from the centuries before Nicæa, then no antedating the foundation of a national church, even if we took it back to Pentecost, would save us from Papal allegiance. The one clear thing about ante-Nicene times is the enormous value they set upon unity, and therefore presumably the complete unity that prevailed. If Papal supremacy was part of the constitution of the Church, then all local churches held the doctrine whether they realized the truth explicitly in all its bearings or not, whether they were founded by Peter, or Paul, or Thomas, or John ; whether they were in Britain, or Rome, or Africa, or Palestine. For in those days any one who differed in faith was cut off from communion, and any one fully cut off from communion was regarded as cut off from eternal life. A body like the Church of England, quite apart from what it protests against, by the mere fact that for three centuries it has been continually protesting against the rest of Christendom, would have seemed to the Primitive Church to be out of Catholic unity just as the Donatists were. St. Augustine, in arguing with the latter, did not ask them whether they had valid orders and sacraments, which they undoubtedly had, but contented himself with referring to the doctrine which all admitted, that outside the Catholic Church there was no salvation, and asked them how they could be the Catholic Church, shut up in a corner of Africa, and out of communion with all the rest of the world. What the British Church thought of a position so similar to that which the occupants of its own sees would one day maintain is shown by what happened in

314. In that year the Bishops of London, York, and Caerleon-on-Usk attended a great Council held at Arles. It had one main object, and did one main work, and that was to condemn the Donatists.

Whatever the ties of general obedience and communion which in early times bound Britain to the Apostolic See, they were to be drawn closer still. Pope St. Celestine, in 432, the year after the Council of Ephesus and two years after the death of the great St. Augustine of Hippo, when the Arian Vandals were tearing North Africa from Catholic unity, sent St. Germanus to put down Pelagianism in Britain, and St. Patrick to convert Ireland. By the end of his long life St. Patrick had succeeded in the most wonderful manner in bringing the whole island to the Faith. One of his sayings is preserved in the Book of Armagh, "As you are Catholic, be Roman."

But now over the whole Empire barbarian armies were rushing in never-ending waves, and the whole fabric of Roman government broke up beneath them. The removal of the seat of Empire to the Bosphorus, while it left Western Christianity free, left Western Christendom defenceless. The great Theodosius did something to check the downfall, but the effort ended with him. On his death in 395 the Empire was divided between his sons, Honorius in the West, and Arcadius in the East; and the Western branch came to an end with Odoacer's deposition of Romulus Augustulus in 476, till Pope Leo, the Roman people, and Charles, King of the Franks, revived it three centuries later, to play a strange and yet great part in Europe almost down to our own day.

The century which ended with Odoacer and Theodoric began in the West with the recall of the legions by Honorius from the provinces of Rome. The Empire was falling to pieces. The Vandals, Sueves, and Visigoths poured into Spain; the Vandals even crossed into Africa, plundering, torturing, and burning as they went. The Franks and Burgundians overran Gaul, the Ostrogoths attacked Italy and Constantinople, the Anglo-Saxons conquered Britain. Most of these were Arian, but the Saxon and Franks were heathen still. The conversion

then of Clovis, King of the Franks, by St. Remigius in 496 to the Catholic and not the Arian creed, was like a firm stepping-stone towards a happier state, amid the swirling waters of barbarism. A century later another stepping-stone was laid. St. Gregory the Great looked across the devastating flood, as his predecessor St. Celestine had done, to the natural virtues of the still unconverted North, and in 597 the conversion of Britain was begun over again. But it was Pope Vitalian (657–672), by sending the Greek Theodore of Tarsus to be Archbishop of Canterbury, who gave the English Church that outward organization which, under whatever changes of faith and worship, it preserves to this day.

The Norman Conquest introduced new blood into Church and State, and brought with much suffering and oppression some needed reforms and a great quickening of national life. William the Conqueror, with all his faults, was a man of genuine piety and deep faith, though there were times when neither the one nor the other could prevent the fierce Norse temper from bursting into flame. Still, good Catholic as he was, he liked his own way, and meant to have it at any cost short of actual schism, even if the Pope stood in his path. This is a common temper with men of strong will, but not necessarily a right one. But the harmony which the real virtues of William and Lanfranc were able to establish ended with their death. A reign of brute force succeeded, and in the conflict with Norman and Plantagenet despotism the Primates of England, deserted by their suffragans who dared not stand against the civil power, had no refuge but the Pope. To seek his help St. Anselm, St. Thomas, and St. Edmund of Canterbury crossed the seas, and with his support neither king nor baronage nor time-serving clergy could turn them from their duty. After the death of St. Edmund in the thirteenth century there was a lull in the storm. When it broke out again under Henry VIII, and access to Rome was cut off, as it was to Fisher, the only thing left was to die.

Laud, too, died for what he believed, but with his exception, when we compare the line of Archbishops

of Canterbury which began with Augustine and ended with Pole with that which began with Cranmer and has gone on from Parker to the present day, we cannot but feel that something has gone out of the national life which made men heroes and saints.

As time went on other kings than Rufus and Henry II, and Parliaments, too, in England, opposed the action of the Holy See, and that long before the Reformation ; and as arguments are founded on this, let us see what they are worth.

First of all, that a man is opposed does not necessarily prove he is in the wrong, for those who are in the right are often opposed ; neither does it prove he is right, for not all opposition is unjust. All it shows on the face of it is that there is a dispute, and we must go into all the circumstances of the case in order to decide it on its merits. It is well, too, to distinguish the different powers the Popes claimed to have in the Middle Ages, and the grounds of possible opposition which underlay them.

In the first place, there was a purely spiritual power over all Christians. I do not think there is any instance of the State in England attempting to call this in question before the sixteenth century.

Then there were certain quasi-spiritual rights arising out of the preceding, such as the right to levy contributions on the clergy, to call cases to the Roman courts, to appoint to benefices under certain conditions. These touched men's temporal interests rather than their faith, and if these interests were strongly affected and the faith not very fervent, opposition under various pretexts would be certainly aroused.

Some of these rights were quite canonical, others perhaps more doubtfully so, for the Pope must not be supposed to intend to override the ordinary law without strong proof that he means to do so. Again, a right may be technically lawful and yet practically inexpedient, or even unjust. And so, though we must discount racial feeling, and the tide of national jealousy rising as the nation felt its strength, and showing itself even among good men, and though we must suspect the complaints of Church lawyers at home about

Roman appeals, since suitors would hardly have gone so far unless they could get good justice, still there is much to show that there were abuses both as to appeals and as to provisions, and perhaps even taxation—though the clergy were very rich—abuses which could never justify a schism, but did call for reform.

Yet so strange is human nature, so self-deceiving in its zeal for good, that many of the things put forward as the crying abuses which justified the Reformation in the sixteenth century, went on unimpaired under the royal supremacy down to our own day.

Still, when bishops like Grosseteste complain, we must think that there were things which required putting right. It was a calamity for Christendom that the Council of Constance accomplished so little in the way of reform.

We must also remember that most of the anti-papal statutes, like Provisors and Premunire, date from the time when French Popes were reigning at Avignon, practically subjects of the power with which we were continually at war. The great schism, too, when for forty years there were rival claimants to the Papacy, weakened men's loyalty, and even perplexed their faith. Happily that state of things was ended for ever at Constance, when in 1417 the Bishop of Winchester crowned Martin V, in the presence of the chief bishops of the Catholic world.

In truth jealousy of the exercise of the Pope's authority in public matters, though not a very worthy feeling, is a natural one, and within certain limits quite consistent with the Catholic faith. All men naturally dislike interference, even by their spiritual superiors, secular statesmen most of all. All men tend to magnify their office. Judges do it at the expense of rival courts, kings at the expense of parliaments, and parliaments at the expense of kings. If Popes, too, would like to do it they get very little opportunity. Kings resist them directly, bishops often through kings. Spiritual censures, which are all that Pontiffs have, are only available when conscience or public opinion make their terrors felt. And that is not now. So when governments tie cords round the Church they have it much their own way,

even in Catholic times and Catholic lands. It is only at rare intervals when things go too far that God raises up a Hildebrand, or allows the hurricane of revolution to sweep persecuting governments away. That the State, even while holding to the Catholic faith, will resist the action of the Church when it feels its action inconvenient is a fact of history and human nature, and we should be slow, then, to see in statutes like Premunire conclusive evidence that England was independent of the Pope. The evidence, indeed, is quite conclusive that the very contrary was the case.

We have mentioned purely spiritual power and its quasi-spiritual developments. But there was a third power the Pope had in the Middle Ages which, as far as it was feudal, was purely temporal, and has now passed away. In an age when might was right, even the Church was bound to be as strong as she could, that she might deal with the oppressor on equal terms, and protect her true children, the poor. The system of feudalism bound all classes by mutual relations of protection and service, of overlord and man. At its head in each state stood the king, from whom bishops and barons alike held as peers of the realm. Above kings the Emperor had a vague claim to pre-eminence. Above Bishop, King, and Emperor in spiritual matters was the Pope. *Temporally* the Pope was higher than kings in dignity, though he was not necessarily their lord. Temporally the Pope was the Emperor's brother, though whether elder or younger brother was for centuries the subject of long and bitter strife. The bishops then as barons were members of the feudal hierarchy, though with a separate spiritual allegiance to Rome ; the Pope in a sense stood outside it. But the Pope, too, could enter it if any prince chose to do homage to him for his estates, and become his "man." This, without placing any material restraint on the vassal's management of his affairs, might in return for a nominal tribute give him a powerful protector. Such arrangements in those days of chivalry, when pride, individual and national, was not what it is to-day, were looked on as in no way unusual, and no disgrace but an honour. This it was that John did, surrendering his crown to Innocent III

in order to get rid of the barons, who would thus be responsible to an overlord. The barons, whose charter was just won, naturally objected when Innocent, as suzerain, took exception to their claims, and even Cardinal Langton went against the Pope. This feudal overlordship of the Holy See later on displeased the estates of the realm, and it gradually fell into desuetude. We must not, however, confuse these feudal claims with the Pope's spiritual power. They have no more to do with it than would a claim a modern Pope would have over a builder who had contracted to build him a house. Special respect would be due to him as Pope, but a contract is a contract with whomsoever made.

But time went on. The monastic order, which in early centuries under the Benedictine rule had made Europe what it is, grew wealthy and somewhat relaxed. Reforms were made, but their special impetus died out. Then, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, came the friars, and took possession not only of the hearts of the poor, but of the newly founded universities, and shared in their two centuries of brilliant intellectual life. But in the fourteenth century came the Hundred Years' War between England and France, and the Black Death which carried off a third of the population of Europe, and left the seeds of misery and discontent which in England produced the socialism of the Lollards. There were many evils throughout Europe in Church and State. Reform was talked of, but scarcely attempted, much less carried out. Saints in England disappeared. The outward splendour of the Church went on, but there was a hollowness within. The clergy were worldly and ill-trained, the bishops courtiers and absentees. Preaching was neglected. The laity went to communion only once a year. At last when a king arose with something satanic in his thwarted self-will there came the crash. The Pope would not do evil that good may come, even to save a kingdom. So his name was erased from the service books, his priests and monks were disembowelled or burnt, shrines were stripped, abbeys left in ruins. In the next reign things went further. Altar stones were placed in the roads for cattle to tread on, chalices were

used for drinking cups, vestments made gowns for the new priests' wives. The Mass was abolished and called by ribald names. Our Lady's invocation was heard no more. A brief restoration under Mary, darkened by a cruel and unwise persecution of the Protestants, carried out by the very men who had apostatized under Henry, was soon over, and with Elizabeth darkness and silence fell upon the land which had been a bright light in Christendom for nearly a thousand years. May the Seventh Edward see built up some part of that which the advisers of the Sixth destroyed!

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, LONDON.

208
C 287
32019
AUTHOR
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY
TITLE
Publications 58
DATE LOANED
BORROWER'S NAME
STORAGE - CBPL
32019